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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

JULY FOURTH AND AFTER

LET the bells ring, by all means, and let the bands play. Let us make happy holiday on the birthday of our country, giving exuberant expression to our patriotism that all the world may know. Then let us go home and practise what we thus preach. How about this vast and wonderful land that our forefathers in their devoted patriotism freed from the yoke of foreign domination and passed on to us? Theirs is the patriotism we celebrate. Shall we rightly rejoice in our country's freedom unless we are prepared to pass it on to our successors as grand and glorious as we received it?

The pioneers staked out for us a mighty heritage, heroes all of them in the hardihood of their early struggles. The men of the Revolution redeemed it for us. It seemed then boundless in its extent and inexhaustible in its natural resources. But our civilization in its marvelous activity has overrun it, from Northern Alaska to Southern Florida, from Maine to Hawaii. Riding the marvels of modern science we pass from one boundary of it to the other almost in a day. With similar speed we exhaust its natural resources—and we must call a halt to this. Our forests fade away and our mammals, our birds, our fishes, vanish with them. Our most priceless heritage, the great world of out-of-doors, already must be redeemed from waste as the men of the Revolution redeemed the land from oppression. In this lies true patriotism, for we must be bold, patient, resourceful as were the soldiers of Washington, and in this we fight the battle of peace as they fought the battles of the war.

This wonderful outdoor world is ours and we must protect it, not only from others but from ourselves. Especially we must pass on to the rising generation the thought that nature's wilderness is sacred. We may rightly use it, but we must not waste or deface it. We must keep it clean and safe. Let us urge them to heed the call of the forest, the lake and the lonely trail, to go from desert places of city brick and stone to the homeland of the wilderness, but teach them to leave behind them when they return forests unburned, fields unlittered, streams undefiled.

Truest of patriots shall we be when we have "learned to know the birds without a gun, loved the rose and left it on its stalk."

This is not only for the protection of our valuable and beautiful wild birds, not only for the preservation of our native plants, it is for the training of our youth in rightouesness. He who deals justly and sanely with the forests and the life there will do the same with that of park and village. He will admit and administer his civic responsibilities; for training in true patriotism makes for the highest type of citizenship.

W. P.

* *

THE GREATEST COUNTRY

IN the first sentence of his nominating speech before the recent Republican Convention Dr. Burton referred to "America, the greatest country the world has ever known." Sounds a little like clap-trap, but it is true. America is the greatest country the world has ever known—for Americans. France is the greatest country the world has ever known—for Frenchmen, England is the greatest country the world has ever known—for Englishmen.

The new patriotism, the love of one's own country, does not deem it necessary to hold in disrespect, or even as subject to odious comparison, the country which some other man loves. Indeed, why should not one love two countries—or twenty for that matter—America because it is home-land, England because it is mother-land, France because it is hero-land, and so on through the list?

Dr. Rexford sued to tell about a little lad (I mistrust it was himself) who was born and lived on a farm situated on a wide prairie. This lad thought that God must love him especially because He allowed him to live under the very center of the sky. He looked toward the horizon and pitied his distant cousins who lived away off there where the sky came so close to the earth that one must crawl on his hands and knees to keep from bumping his head. But later, with misgiving, he was taken to visit these distant cousins, and discovered that they too lived under the center of the sky. So he concluded that God was good to his whole family and pushed the sky up high directly over their heads. Still later he visited a distant city and concluded that God was good to all Americans. Later yet he visited Europe and discovered that God allowed Europeans as well as Amreicans to dwell under the very center of the sky.

Moral: Every country is God's country and all the sons of men are the creatures of God's especial providence.

Moreover, the new patriotism is not only entirely compatible with respect and affection for the other man's country, it is also consistent with dissatisfaction with one's own. The conviction that one who dares suggest that the Constitution is not altogether perfect, that the method of electing the President could be improved, that the Supreme Court is not infallible, is a "red," a "radical," a "Bolshevist," is not patriotism, it is mental atrophy. The man who would restrict freedom of thought and freedom of speech, the freest kind of free criticism, is not a true patriot or a true American, and he shows himself pitifully ignorant of the history of his country. Americanism has always thrived, and will always thrive upon the most fearless and outspoken difference of opinion. The true American will adopt as his own the conclusion of Herbert Spencer: "A man's thoughts are as children born to him that he has no right carelessly to let die. The idea which a man clearly sees, he should fearlessly utter; knowing that if he can accomplish the end aimed at, well; if not, well also—thought perhaps not so well."

F. O. H.

* *

THE HOUSES MEN LIVE IN

MR. LAWRENCE VEILIER of the National Housing Association has contrasted the home life of the slum dweller with that of the prosperous citizen.

Your average well-to-do man wakes in his large quiet bedroom, the air of which has been freshened and tempered.

Your slum-dweller wakes, unrefreshed, in the foul air of a small, badly ventilated room which he has shared with several others.

Your average men steps into a bath, shaves, and puts on clean clothes.

Your slum-dweller stumbles in the twilight of his dark room over the shakedown beds of one or two children, and perhaps several lodgers, before he can find space to stand while he crawls into coarse garments reeking with the sweat of yesterday's toil, and he washes in a handful of water poured into a basin.

Your average man goes into a pleasant dining-room to eat an appetizing breakfast.

Your slum-dweller takes a chunk of bread and, sitting or standing wherever he can find room, washes it down with a cup of indifferent coffee.

Your average men, with a sense of well-being, goes forth to his day.

Your slum-dweller, with a grouch due to sheer physical discomfort, shuffles down the ill-smelling hall of his tenement house.

At the end of his day your average man sits down to a good dinner, and goes to bed in a clean, warm bed in a clean, fresh room.

Your slum-dweller hangs from a strap in a car packed to suffocation, makes his dreary way from the crowded car past the garbage cans and refuse of the crowded street into the friction and discontent of his crowded home, to a wife discouraged by endless effort in a hopeless environment, and children to whom his best efforts have been able to give only this pitiful existence. He eats, on the corner of the overcrowded kitchen table, a plate of food which he is often too worn-out to enjoy.

The conditions surrounding your average man have made for vigor of mind and body and for peace and contentment of spirit.

The conditions surrounding your slum-dweller have made for discomfort of body and discontent of soul. He has no peace and no privacy, he has not even elbow-room night or day. He sees no beauty and has no repose. His neighbor's wash shuts out his small patch of sky, and he must close such insufficient windows as his room may have if he would not hear his neighbor's quarrels.

The present shortage of dwellings and high cost of repairs have made the slum home more overcrowded, dilapidated and unsanitary than before. Moreover, some families who were above the slum level have been pushed down to it. And many formerly living in modest dignity and comfort are now cramped and uncomfortable in unsatisfactory quarters.

John J. Murphy of the New York Tenement House Committee said last year that the tenement population in his city could not move, no matter how bad their houses were. There was nothing fit for habitation vacant within their means. A similar situation has created obstacles in the way of alley closing in Washington.

The Philadelphia Housing Association says the shortage there is increasing in spite of the dwelling construction of the past three years. New dwellings minus demolitions have not kept up with population increase.

In Cincinnati the Better Housing League states that never bfore in its experience have the poorer families and the unskilled wage earners suffered so greatly from the difficulty of finding decent housing. Recent new building has benefited only those having higher incomes. The League says: "The situation has now become too serious for any one group to handle. It is time for the public to know the facts and accept the responsibility."

What is true in Cincinnati is true elsewhere. We need concerted effort not only to find solutions for our present special difficulties, but to raise standards above the pre-war level. There is opportunity for each one of us to take part in the housing betterment activities organized nationally and locally throughout the country.

E. W. D.

* *

THE SPIRIT OF '76

THE spirit of 1776 was not tolerant. It had little use for Tories. It could not see many things that we see to-day: that while there were honest "loyalists" who went to England or Canada and by their honesty kept the friendship of men like Jay, Livingstone and other patriot leaders, there were others who were as cruel and brutal as the most brutal of the savages whom they led down upon the homes of their unprotected neighbors. These brutal Tories made the men of '76 intolerant of all Tories.

Our task to-day is to see that war with England in the light of history, to make clear the part which Fox, Pitt, Burke and other English Liberals took in defense of the colonies, to show that it was a fight in reality of Englishmen in England and in America against a despotic king and to emphasize the things English-speaking people around the world have in common.

But we need not forget the brave men and women who fought the good fight for liberty. Accuracy and fairness and perspective are not inconsistent with gratitude. We should see things all out of perspective if we ever looked back to '76 and failed to see skill, resource, courage, self-sacrifice and steadfastness in the noblest kind of cause.

They died in prison ships and are buried in unmarked graves. The names of many of the men of '76 have perished from the earth. But their spirit is immortal among us.

We should look up these Revolutionary graves and mark them. We should train the children to be custodians of them.

At the same time we should teach all the facts of the history without the intolerance or misjudgment of one hundred and fifty years ago, with more confidence in truth if it sets former enemies in a better light and makes it easier to be friends to-day.

* *

AN ASSORTMENT OF CITIZENS

WE have one country but many kinds of citizens. There is the indifferent citizen. The fact that he lives in a great country which has tremendous tasks and has come to a place of leadership in the world and now makes greater demands than ever upon its citizens, leaves him unmoved. It makes no difference in his thought and conduct in respect to his political obligations. He takes no interest in its life, he gives it little or no thought, he cares nothing for its tasks. He will not read the news about it nor work for it, nor even vote for its officials, parties, policies. He is a political "idiot," a man who thinks only of his own private interest. Such a political "idiot" is more apt to be found in the so-called higher classes, the rich and the cultivated, than among the other classes.

There is also the parasitic citizen. He thinks much and often of the country but always in relation to himself. He lives on the country, not for the country. He wants much from it but he gives nothing to it, or, if he once gave something to it, he thinks his country owes him a soft snap and a fat living ever afterwards, though he is hale and hearty. He reverses the true relation of citizen and country. He uses the country for himself instead of devoting himself to his country. He is a citizen with selfishness in his heart. He is a "leech" citizen whose frequent cry is "Give me more!"

Then again, there is the partisan citizen. He is deeply interested in political matters and does much in his way for the country, but he identifies the interests of his country with the interests of his party. He thinks its fate is bound up with his party. If and when his party is in power, then the country is safe and prosperous. If and when the other party is in power, then the country is in grave danger, and is hastening rapidly to ruin. The leaders of his party are wise and brave and honest, but the leaders of the other party can not be trusted. He rarely if ever has a generous word for the leaders or the policies or the accomplishments of the other party. He is devoted to his own party and through his party to his country, but he is partisan in temper, provincial in outlook and prejudiced in his judgments. There are of course party men who serve their country through their party, but they make the country the end and their party the means. They know it is a greater thing to be an American citizen than to be a Democrat or a Republican.

Moreover, there is the dedicated citizen. He has a high appreciation of the incomparable blessings that come to him as a citizen of this republic. He has a noble conception of its greatness. He cherishes a strong confidence in the successful working out of its vast democratic experiment. He has a keen sense of his moral obligations to do all that lies in his power for the welfare of his country. If it requires his life in time of war, he feels "it is sweet to die for his country;" if it requires his life in time of peace and in a period of reconstruction, though this is a more difficult and less dramatic task, he willingly gives it. His heart responds to the great words of Lincoln:

"It is for us the living to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us. . . . that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. . . and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

D. E.

* *

PROBLEMS

IT is not an attack on our national intelligence that oil leases are questionably transferred, or that individual members of our central government perform acts that are unethical, or even that a murderous degenerate is released from custody. These are merely sure signs that we are a big powerful nation.

A toothache is an indication that something is radically wrong, and a coated tongue or a flushed forehead sends us at once to the doctor. The man who is never ill needs no physician; the nation with no problems needs no government; and the church with no pessimists needs no building or organization.

It is our problems that rouse us to action, and, goodness knows, we have problems enough to-day. They are invididual, community, church, social, business, political and national as well as international. Our trouble is not in their solution, but in their statement and assignment. I am trying to state and solve the big international questions of state, or, more generally, trying to solve them without even being able to state them correctly or understand their precincts.

This, then is the way to build a happier community, to construct a more prosperous church and to insure cleaner politics and purer internationalism, merely for each of us so to do our own personal work, so to solve our own problems that having done, we may look back and quietly and honestly say to ourselves, "I did the best possible."

J. M. T.

Cruising in Convalescing Countries

I An Editor Starting Off

John van Schaick, Jr.

WITH the entire headquarters staff assembled and filling the last hour in Boston with all kinds of friendly farewells, with little Betty Lee to read a poem in the broadest of Scotch, with Lowe to act as chauffeur and Marshall to carry the bags and Polk to wave the last salute at the Back Bay Station, I was sent away feeling that I was part of a team where printers and editors, secretaries and managers, assistants and chiefs, were all one.

The crack Merchants' Limited with its two club cars and its two diners was a good start. It rolled into the Grand Central at 10.10 p. m., on time to the minute, and in ten minutes more I was at the business which brought me to New York.

Face to face more can be done in an hour sometimes than in the correspondence of many days.

Business finished I sat and visited with a Columbia man and heard the story of Commencement, "the early eighties," ball games, dinners, the new Columbia lion, and the new Baker Field far up where Broadway runs into Spuyten Duyvil.

"V. D. knew Baker when he lived in Albany," said my friend, "and earned $500 a year. Now they say he has over three hundred millions."

Again the Albany sleeper. No—I am not *blase* about it. All sleepers do not look alike to me. In fact no two are alike. The people arriving are different every day. The different porters create a different atmosphere in every car, not only physically —for some ventilate and others do not—but psychically —for some are friendly and others cold, some experienced and others green, some of a rather superior caliber and others stupid.

In Albany, I was awakened at five instead of six a. m., as I had ordered. I climbed out, thinking my watch had stopped, and shaved while the husky black man blacked the shoes.

Amicably I began: "Didn't I tell you to call me at six o'clock standard?" "Sure, boss," he answered. "You said standard. Did you mean railroad time?" "Why, standard time and railroad time are the same thing, aren't they?" I came back at him. "Yes, boss," scratching his head reflectively. "You shore is right, but your pants was out in the aisle. I thought something must be wrong."

I assured him that they had fallen from the hook and were now where they belonged, and that my purse was intact, at which his relief and joy was so evident that we became friends at once.

"Now you are up," he vociferated, "you can get a nice early breakfast up at the station restaurant—a hot cup of coffee, some bacon and eggs or sweet ham and eggs, and nice fresh strawberries. Oh, I say, boss, there isn't any humbug about that restaurant."

"Yes, I had breakfast there Monday morning," I said. "You here Monday? You sure does travel some," he chuckled. "But you have got to keep a-moving if you are a-going to get it."

For which sententious utterance I paid a double fee, secured a double blessing, and started off feeling as fat and prosperous as the porter looked. Such is the impact of mind on mind. Such is the mental healing of the cheerful porter. "Abundance," "success," "prosperity," "health," he planted deep in my sub-consciousness.

Two men of a different type stood talking in the Albany station, a McGill University professor from Montreal, and a child specialist from Washington, both bound for the meeting of the American Pediatric Association at Pittsfield, Mass.

From them I secured some light on the horrible Chicago tragedy—the murder of the Franks boy by Leopold and Loeb.

"It has stirred us up," said one of them. "It ought to. We don't seem to realize that there is anything to do for a person mentally unless he is violently insane. There are all kinds of mental abnormalities we must deal with intelligently. The supernormal boy, left to run wild, is worse than the idiot."

Out on the D. & H. to Cobleskill for the day, back to Albany again at night, stickers for the baggage, a walk in the old Dutch Capital City which is celebrating its tercentenary this week, the Montreal sleeper, and this morning finds us across the frontier —in Canada—ready to sail on the morrow.

"I should think your head would swim," said a friend. "Do you know whether you are coming or going?"

No, my head doesn't swim from travel. The head swimming is all mental. It is composed of haste, worry, resistance to the power pulling you about and inability to make the spot you occupy your center. While I have been going a little fast the last few weeks, I have tried hard to make the seat I use, the berth I sleep in, the station I wait in, my temporary home, and to follow as closely as possible the regimen of a fixed habitation. And when my wife is along generally she has a few pictures which transform any hotel room we occupy.

It doesn't always go easily. Last night they had sold to some one else the space I thought I had purchased from Albany to Montreal. Investigation disclosed that my space had gone off empty the night before. In other words, the tickets were incorrectly dated. By strenuous efforts we secured two uppers, and this morning the madam said she had had better air and had felt more secluded than ever before on a a sleeper. Nor were the uppers made up when wearily we climbed aboard. Nor was the porter friendly until brushing time this morning. I mentally accused him of being a bootlegger and various other things.

Up the line of the D. & H. we went through the night, past Saratoga, past Fort Edward, past the great Adirondack wilderness off on our left, and along Lake Champlain to our right. We had lovely views of the lake this morning.

This was the line of Burgoyne's Invasion in 1777,

and before that of innumerable war parties of French, Indians, and sometimes our own colonists.

At Plattsburg we could see the monument dedicated a few years ago commemorating the Battle of Lake Champlain.

It was level country now. At Rouse's Point, 190 miles from Albany, we left the United States. Our farewell meal meant a hasty dash over a fence into a lunch room for coffee and a ham sandwich. Our introduction to "foreign parts" was the appearance of a Canadian customs inspector who "read our open, honest countenances" and passed on. The lady who used her lip stick in the dark this morning had to open up all the baggage she possessed.

Soon signs in French began to flit by. At a little station, excitable good-bys were said in a broken French patois. There were junctions with the Rutland Road, with the road up out of the "Aroostook Country," Maine, with the Canadian Pacific—then the broad St. Lawrence, the island of Montreal and the station. The boy who took our bags was an Indian. The taxi driver said "Thank you." The hotel man gave us a beautiful room looking at Mount Royal, and that was our introduction to the city.

But on the trains from Boston to New York and from New York up and at the stations waiting, I have had a book by Parkman, "The Old Regime in Canada."

Some of us who pretend to be reasonably "well read" have amazing gaps in our knowledge. I have read lives of Parkman but never Parkman except in quotations. I have preached about Parkman, written about Parkman, helped celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth, but never realized the sweep and swing and color of his story of the great struggle between France and England for the possession of North America.

Explorers, settlers, priests, trappers, red men, the great feudal chiefs of the early days, our own colonists, come to us vividly in his pages.

When La Tour, one of these barons of Canada, went to Boston in 1643 for help against his rival, D'Aunay, Boston was in its thirteenth year—"a struggling village with houses of boards and logs gathered around a wooden meeting-house which formed the heart or vital organ of the place."

Wolves, bears, rattlesnakes and Pequot Indians roamed the woods near by. Our beautiful "Blue Hill" in Milton was Rattlesnake Hill, but, says Parkman, "worse than wolves, rattlesnakes and bears together, were the theological quarrels which threatened to kill the colony in its infancy."

Then came some of his slashing attacks on the theocracy of those days:

"They sought liberty, but just liberty for themselves alone.

"They imagined they had a monopoly of religious truth and were bound in conscience to defend it against all comers. It was one of the most detestable theocracies on record.

"Church and state were one. There was no choice but to remain a political cipher or embrace or pretend to embrace the extremest dogmas of Calvinism."

We can imagine the excitement when a "papist" like La Tour came and appealed to Winthrop for help. Worst of all, La Tour and his comrades landed on Sunday and had to be kept in a house and garden off the street until sundown. There was a battle royal with texts when Governor Winthrop asked the advice of the magistrates. The clergy all went into action. Talk about meddling in politics, we preachers of today are babes in arms compared to those old warriors.

Jehoshaphat, Ahab, and Josias were cited on one side, Parkman tells us. Solomon was quoted: "He that meddleth with the strife that belongs not to him takes a dog by the ear." To this the other side made answer that "it did belong to them for it gave them a chance to weaken an old enemy." Besides, they argued, "we ought to help an enemy in distress seeing that Joshua helped the Gibeonites and Jehoshaphat helped Jehoram against Moab"—and with the full approval of Elisha. In the end they did help La Tour in spite of the famous Ipswich protest, where a cunning eye to self-interest and pious homilies were both in evidence.

So with this story of constant relations of war and peace between New England and Canada, with the account of the Holy Wars of Montreal and the Holy Nuns, with the great figures of the Jesuits rising up in the pages of Parkman, we come to the old city and from our elevated train look down into public school yards where black-robed nuns are walking with their pupils, for half the public schools are Catholic. We pass great Catholic churches and institutions, some of which we are about to sally forth to see.

Squire and Wilson in "Informing Your Public" quote the old walrus verse:

> " 'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
> 'To talk of many things;
> Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
> Of cabbages and kings.' "

The authors made this scathing comment: "It is evident that the Walrus thought himself ready to talk on any one of a considerable range of subjects without much consideration of their appropriateness, application or appeal."

Although there is a needed warning in the comment I must take my stand with the Walrus for this series of articles.

"Cabbages and kings" both are interesting, sealing wax and ships and shoes all help make up life.

And nothing in life is without interest.

Montreal, June 6, 1924.

* * *

Did you ever notice a little road
That you didn't wonder where it led?
Whether—after the cool, green wood—
It chanced on the dell where your dream-house stood?
Maybe—beginning dusty and rough,
It keeps up the pretense just long enough
To tire those who haven't the clew,
And leave the adventure—and end—to you?
Maybe it leaves the highway to follow
Up, swooping up like the flight of a swallow—
Till valley and town lie dim below,
And Time flies far on the winds that blow,
There you may find a nook for your dreaming,
Seeming
Just planned for you from the Edenglow.

Ellen Morrill Mills.

Mobilization Day

What Shall the Churches Do About It?

F. O. Hall

GET this picture. You are passing along the street when your attention is attracted to an overgrown youth, abnormally large and strong for his age, surrounded by smaller and weaker companions. First this youth jostles one of the smaller boys, struts insolently in front of him and expresses by word and gesture his contempt for the other's inferiority. When the smaller boy voices his indignation and resentment, the big fellow dramatically removes his coat, rolls up his sleeves, exhibits his biceps, assumes various pugilistic attitudes, thumps an imaginary antagonist, then selects a chip from the gutter, balances it carelessly on his shoulder and glares ferociously at his audience with especial reference to the one he has just insulted.

What would be your reaction toward this overgrown youth? Undoubtedly you would set him down as a bully and a braggart, spoiling for a fight.

Is this the judgment which we desire other nations, more especially the South American nations, and the non-Christian nations, to hold toward the United States of America? If so we are on the way to success.

First we plunge into a war against decrepit Spain, at the very moment when all differences of opinion are on the point of being peacefully settled. Then we buy a nation of Filipinos at two dollars a head, from another nation that does not own them, and when those so purchased resent the bargain we beat them into subjection. Later we proceed to treat Colombia with contempt and Haiti with brutality. And lastly we behave insolently toward Japan.

As if all this were not enough to arouse the suspicion of other peoples, we now propose to exhibit our biceps to all humanity on a "Mobilization Day," called by the military authorities for next September twelfth.

On that day the whole nation is to act as if it were about to plunge instantly into war. At immense expense and loss, certainly many millions of dollars, at a time when the universal cry is for economy, all regular business is to cease while every individual in America is to act as if we were going into a headlong fight. What would we infer from a similar proceeding, just now, on the part of Japan? Among other things there are to be "patriotic" meetings everywhere, at which the clergy of all churches, whose denominations in convention assembled within the past few months have almost without exception declared war to be a "sin" or a "crime," are to be asked to invoke the Divine blessing upon all this spectacular preparation for this very "sin" or "crime."

The whole thing would be funny if it were not likely to have a serious outcome. What ought the clergy and the churches who have declared war to be a "sin" and a "crime" to do about it? Eat their words or stand up for their declarations?

In the first place we should try to stop the whole silly and dangerous business. We should petition the authorities to abandon the proposed spectacular display. This is no time to put emphasis on war or preparation for war. The time has come to "seek peace and pursue it," to mobilize all the sentiment and all the power of the nation, not toward preparation for another war, but in preparation for continued peace. Such petition will probably fail, for our military authorities seem determined to counteract the rising sentiment for peace. This is their method. It is militaristic propaganda, pure and simple, at the country's expense.

If the plan goes through, as it probably will, what then? Shall the Churches co-operate? To this extent, yes; when the clergy are invited to participate in the proposed "patriotic" meetings, by all means let them accept, and seize the occasion to pray and preach and demand, not war and preparation for war, but peace and mobilization for peace. Here is opportunity that should not be missed. Nerve? Undoubtedly—the same kind of nerve that our forefathers sometime possessed.

In the third place, beyond such praying and preaching, let us organize great peace meetings on that day, or else practise strict "non-co-operation." On the twelfth day of next September let Christians everywhere go about their business, and if business shuts down, let them attend peace meetings, play ball, golf, go on picnics—anything except take part in this foolish, wasteful and wicked proceeding.

Our Prayers Together

Conducted by A. Gertrude Earle

Saturday, July 5

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

Lord! Our Light and our Salvation, help us, we beseech Thee, to enter into, and abide in, the secret place of the Most High; and may the covering of the Almighty be our covering and defense. Help each of us to think as Thou dost teach us, to love as Thou hast loved us, to do as Thou dost command us. *Amen.*

Alexander Maclaren.

Sunday, July 6

At worst, I have performed my share of the task:
The rest is God's concern; mine, merely this,
To know that I have obstinately held
By my own work.

What's failure or success to me?
I have subdued my life to the one purpose
Whereto I ordained it; there alone I spy,
No doubt, that way I may be satisfied.

From infirmity of purpose, from want of earnest care and interest, from the sluggishness of indolence, and the slackness of indifference, save us and help us, we beseech Thee, O Lord. From dulness of conscience, from thoughtless disregard of others, and from all half-heartedness in our work, save and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

Bishop Ridding.

Monday, July 7

I remember well
One journey, how I feared the track was missed,
So long the city I desired to reach
Lay hid; when suddenly its spires afar
Flashed through the circling clouds; you may conceive
My transport. Soon the vapors closed again,
But I had seen the city, and one such glance
No darkness could obscure; nor shall the present—
A few dull hours, a passing shame or two,—
Destroy the vivid memories of the past.
I will fight the battle out; a little spent
Perhaps, but still an able combatant.

Our Father, we thank Thee for visions of beauty that inspire us to plod on courageously. We are confident that Thou wilt bring us to the goal.

Tuesday, July 8

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

Father in Heaven, the duties of the day press upon me, urging me to haste; and my spirit in the freshness of the morning powers stands eager and ready to greet them. Yet am I fain to give the first freshness of my attention to Thee. Let me not begin my work without returning unto Thee my heartfelt thanks for Thy guardianship throughout the night and for the brightness and hope of the morning. Let my strength last through all the day, that moments of indolence may not impair the day's achievement.

From "Beginning the Day."

Wednesday, July 9

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by and by.

O God, Heavenly Father, help me to begin my work this day with the thought of Thy Fatherhood brightening my heart. Let the remembrance of this first prayer of mine come to my aid all through the day, to keep my sight clear and my judgment true, to lend steadiness and poise to all I say or think or do.

From "Beginning the Day."

Thursday, July 10

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who hast given us a new commandment that we should love one another; give us also grace that we may fulfil it. Make us gentle, courteous, and forbearing. Direct our lives, so that we may look each to the good of the other in word and deed. And hallow all our friendships by the blessing of Thy spirit. For his sake who loved us and gave himself for us. Amen.

Bishop Westcott.

Friday, July 11

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accursed.

O God our Father, we know that Thou art God, indeed. With Thee, there can be no final failure. Thou hidest Thyself in clouds and darkness, but we know that righteousness and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne. In this faith, we wait for Thy perfect revealing.

(All the poetical selections for this week are from Robert Browning.)

The Spirit in Literature

Elbert W. Whippen

IN the annals of the Mohammedan religion is the story of Caliph Omar and the library of Alexandria. In the desire to secure the use of this great collection of precious manuscripts the learned professors of Alexandria asked of Caliph Omar that they might have this collection. "If those books," he replied, "contain anything which is contrary to the 'Koran' they deserve to be destroyed. If they contain what is written in the 'Koran' they are unnecessary." And this spiritual dunce ordered that the manuscripts be distributed among the baths of the city, to serve as fuel for the furnaces.

Much the same attitude as that of Caliph Omar is held by many people to-day regarding the use of the Bible in the church services and religious education of our age. Reading all kinds of literature and trash during the other six days of the week, great numbers of people still insist that in the church on Sunday morning and in the education of their children, only the writings of the Bible may be used. In other words, they would figuratively, so far as religion is concerned, burn all literature which is not contained within the Old and New Testaments. They are of the same basic spirit as was Omar.

The problem of the spirit in literature is a much larger matter than the problem of the Bible. The "spirit of God" has from time to time moved men to think rich and exalted thoughts, to pray noble and devout prayers, and to stretch forth to glorious endeavors in the service of mankind. The "spirit of God" has again and again moved men and women to write down on skins and paper, on stones and metals,

the records of these aspirations and enterprises of an inspired humanity. The spirit in literature is therefore the written record of the agonizing, the devotion, and the exaltation of great human souls.

The spirit in literature is then of far more general content than the Old and New Testament. And to be satisfied with merely these collections is to fail to avail oneself of much that is of value in religious education.

The Bible which we have come to use as the basis of our religious education is a most interesting document.

Historically, the Old and New Testaments were produced over a period of perhaps a thousand years. The Jewish people early had their Scriptures. The writings of the "Law" were brought together in part about the year 621 B. C. Other writings of the Law were added about 440 B. C. to complete the "Law" as we have it to-day in Genesis, Exodus, etc. About the year 250 B. C. the writings of the "Prophets" were added to Jewish Scriptures, the then known "Bible," and during the next century or two, the "Writings" were added—Psalms, Proverbs, Job, etc., to complete the Jewish "Bible." It would be interesting to consider many of the curious facts about the books of this group. For instance, the Psalms, which so many *insist* are the only legitimate readings for responsive readings, are the old Jewish hymns. One wonders if some time when we are dust our descendants will insist that our hymns are the only respectable responsive readings.

The New Testament was added to the Old after the life and death of Jesus and his associates. It too was written over many years, and is the literary expression of many people. By the year 200 A. D. it is probable that all the literature of the Bible was produced, as somewhere about this time the Scriptural sanctity was pronounced.

In its scientific content it must be affirmed that the Bible was clouded by the scientific thought of its age. If it is remembered that science and politics, economics and sociology, all entered into the making of the Bible, it will be realized that this different science has had a great deal of influence upon the ideas of Biblical writers.

The ideas of the world actually changed much over the thousand years in which the Bible was written. Indeed, perhaps some of the earliest Scriptures were written long before 621 B. C., or were an oral tradition. But it is possible to affirm that the earth of the Bible was flat, and therefore permitted the Inferno below and the Heaven above. It also permitted a great many other theological ideas which crop out in the writings of the ancients and of Paul, and are especially insidious in the Psalms. This old science is to be counted as an immensely important part of the Biblical records, and its influence upon thought and religion has been prodigious.

In spite of the ancient origin of the Bible, and in spite of its old science, it must be agreed that the spirit in the literature of the Bible is often noble and exalted. Just as we can not accept the Bible word for word, so we must accept its dynamic quality. Whether we read of the life of Moses or of Isaiah, of Amos or of Jesus, of Peter or of Paul, we must admit that these lives were trying to express themselves in human service. They were great souls battling against the laziness and ignorance of their time, for spiritual supremacy. In the literature of these books is imbedded the spirit of God. We need therefore to read the Bible in order that we may feel its inspired qualities.

A great question comes when we ask ourselves, "Shall we confine ourselves to the Jewish literature of before the year 200 A. D.? Are we capable of receiving inspiration from these Scriptures only? Are our inspired writings complete when the Old and New Testaments have been printed?

Even before Palestine became the great center of spiritual life in the world, the great empires of China, of Babylon, of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome had had their birth. Some of them had long smouldered in their pasts. In these empires great souls had come forth and literature had been produced. Are we ready to say that the Semites—the Jews—were the only inspired people of ancient times, of the period before the year 200 A. D.?

I am quite ready to admit that in certain books of the New Testament is contained the story of the greatest man who ever lived—a man who was so great that few men since have appreciated his spirit—but it seems utterly absurd to say that among the Jews alone have inspired writings come. In the Upanishads, the Dhammapada, the Vedic Hymns, the Life of Buddha, and in other literatures of other peoples, are to be found writings which are certainly inspired. To say therefore that the Bible is the only literature written before the year 200 A. D. which contains the spirit, is to be ignorant or prejudiced about non-Semitic writings, and to show a narrowness unworthy of this age.

And what of the seventeen centuries since the year 200 A. D.? Are we to believe that the Jews were inspired up to the year 200 and then that all inspiration in literature ceased even among the Jews? Are we to believe that the people of the other great race stocks have never received any inspiration from God to put down great literature? It would look almost as if the Jews were the "chosen people," would it not, if this be true?

Are we with all our revelations of science, with our "new heavens and new round earth," with the enormous increases in population and in mechanical life, to conclude that the only literature which is enough inspired to be used for that greatest of all fields of life—religion—is literature produced by a small group of the human family called Jews, of a period which stopped with the year 200 A. D.?

The statement of such a condition is its own denial. It is ridiculous, absurd, even immoral—in the broad sense of that term—to say such a thing as this. The logic of life demands that we recognize the Jewish Scriptures to be only a part of Jewish inspired literature, and only a small part of the religious literature of mankind.

In view then of the tendency of people to insist that the Bible is the only inspired writing of to-day and that it is sufficient as a basis for the building of noble life, the liberal must insist upon a broader concept.

He must insist first: That the spirit in literature

is not confined to any race or to any time. He must insist that it exists in the Declaration of Independence as in the laws of Moses, in Lincoln's Second Inaugural and in the Gettysburg Speech as in the Sermon on the Mount, in Wilson's Fourteen Points as in the Letters of Paul.

The spirit in literature exists wherever the "spirit of God" moves man or woman to put down in writing the yearning or striving for the higher life, of humanity. It is contained in the Vedic Hymns, in the Upanishads, and in the Life of Buddha. It is contained in the poems of such as Tennyson, Hugo, Lowell and Whitman. It is imbedded in the great novels of Romain Rolland, Gorky, Hardy and Hawthorne. To confine inspiration to the writings of the Old and New Testaments alone is to cut ourselves off from the manifold works of a noble list of geniuses from early written historical time up to our own day.

The liberal must, secondly, insist that religion to-day shall use the new science. A great deal of the conflict to-day in religion is due to the foolish superstitions, the vain egotisms, the narrow visions, of men and women regarding science as applied to religion.

Mr. Brewster has written in his admirable book, "The Understanding of Religion," "No man can interpret any historical creed until he can place text or article in its astronomical setting." So much has astronomy revealed in the last two thousands of years that to build a theology about a flat earth with "hell" below and "heaven" above is the height of the ridiculous. Its existence to-day is tragic.

Another student of religion has pointed out that the conflict in the religious world to-day is not between an old religion and a new, but between an old science and the new.

As liberals in religion it behooves us to read intelligently the literature of the world, and to understand its spirit as separate from its science. It may have great spiritual value even if not scientifically accurate, but it should be used for its real worth.

The liberal must insist again: That either a new Bible shall be written which will be up to date, or else that all the inspired literature shall be drawn from for use in the Church and in religious education.

It seems to me not only absurd but very wrong for us in our churches to-day to read only the Bible as "sacred Scriptures." In doing so we are failing to avail ourselves of the wealth of inspired writings written among non-Semitic peoples from all time, and among all peoples including the Jews who have lived since 200 A. D., and we are bringing up our people to a narrow conception of the spirit in literature. They thus read one of the horrible psalms, like the one hundred and ninth, and call it inspired, and then read during the week the poems of Longfellow and consider them "spiritually" inferior.

We need to treasure the Bible, to use it on occasion, and to recognize that within its covers is practically all that we know about the greatest man who ever lived. But to feel that everything read should come from it, or that everything said in the church should be proved from it, is to show a degree of ignorance surprising in this day and generation.

The spirit in literature is the throbbing, vital expression of the soul of man reaching out for a better world. The ability to preserve that record is of immeasurable value to the race. The world to-day needs above all to feel the pulsating life of that spirit. It needs to know that others than the Jewish people and the Aryans who have adopted the writings of the Jews have had this spirit. The spirit of Universalism demands that the spirit in literature be recognized and used wherever it may be. Let us then seek this spirit in any literature where God's spirit has moved men and women to put down sacred thoughts about life.

I—Ministerial Courtesy

Daniel Evans

OF some ministers it is said that they are Christians, scholars and gentlemen. It goes without saying that all ministers should be such. Certainly they should be Christian, because this is the religion they have to preach and exemplify; they should be scholars, for they must know the facts, the history, the truths and the everlasting realities of this religion; and just as certainly they should be gentlemen, because they must commend this religion by their personal behavior.

Some one has defined a gentleman as "a man who does no other human being a wrong *consciously*," but another has given a truer definition, when he says, "A gentleman is a man who does no one a wrong *unconsciously*." Courtesy has become a part of his very nature. It is not a matter of rules and regulations, not even of conscious consideration, but the spontaneous expression of his whole conduct, in deed, word, temper, attitude. It is a matter of grace and graciousness.

Now the Christian minister, when a gentleman, acts in this way toward his fellow ministers. Every profession has its ethical code. It is interesting and instructive to observe how the greater lawyers and physicians and teachers follow this code in their professional relations. They speak of one another, and act toward one another, in a courteous manner. Some may act in this way with constraint, but others do so with unrestraint. They owe it to themselves and to their profession to observe good manners.

The same fine courtesy is expected of ministers in their professional relations with their fellow ministers on all occasions, and there are special occasions which require much care in its expression. Frequently in doing parish work, like pastoral visitation, one may come unawares upon parishioners of another minister. Courtesy demands that a minister under such circumstances will speak well of the other minister, and urge loyalty and fidelity to their church. I once called upon strangers in my community; it turned out the new family were Catholics. I said I hoped they were good Catholics; I urged attendance upon their own church, and spoke well of their priest, and he deserved it, and as a result of the visit I was cor-

dially invited to drop in whenever I called upon my own people next door. There are ministers, not many, only a few, and very small they are, who try to steal other parishioners, and speak disparagingly of the other minister. They go on the rule, "All is fair in love and war," they have love for their own church and practise war on others.

Then, too, sometimes one minister is asked to render service in another minister's parish. These are occasions when sometimes there is much heart burning. In Catholic parishes the lines are strictly drawn; no priest is asked or expected to render service in another priest's parish. In the Protestant Churches there are no such strict lines, and a minister is often called upon to do his offices in another minister's parish. There are funerals, or marriages, or baptisms, at which he is asked to officiate. Frequently these make for delicate and difficult situations. A third party now enters; those in sorrow, those in love, those in joy. They have their reasons for seeking one minister rather than another. It may be the minister wanted married the couple whose child is to be baptized, or took into the church the person whose funeral he is asked to conduct, or there is some special good reason to have him perform these offices. Their very highly emotional condition of sorrow or joy makes it difficult for them to see the delicacy and difficulty in the situation.

In such a situation ministerial courtesy requires an understanding with the regular minister, and, where possible, seeks to have him take part. This should be the rule, and if followed the regular minister should welcome him into his parish and church. Some ministers welcome a fellow minister and make him feel he is welcome; others "sulk" and do much to make the other minister most uncomfortable. Courtesy, like marriage, involves two parties and requires mutual consideration. If the two ministers are Christians and gentlemen, no offense will be given, or taken, but their common thought will be the service one is able to render in response to request. In all emergency cases, there should be no question at all about rendering the service. The thing then to do is to render the service, and explain afterwards.

There is another situation in which courtesy calls for much tact. Occasionally a minister remains in the parish after he has ceased to be the active, regular minister. He may be the pastor *emeritus*, or retain his membership in the church, or he may have moved into the parish; in one or the other of these relations, he is generally the older man, and the minister is the younger. Many ministers wish the former pastor well out of their church and parish, and some wish all pastors away. Some dislike their presence, are not free with them, and are jealous of any attention shown them, and it must be said that not infrequently they have reason to feel so. Lack of courtesy on both sides sometimes makes for strained relations.

It is possible, however, and there are many instances where it is actual, that the relation of the older and younger ministers, and the regular minister and the new-comers, is most courteous and happy. The older pastor and the new-comer support wholeheartedly, co-operate enthusiastically, and counsel wisely the younger minister, and he in turn shows him beautiful consideration, and acts like a son toward him, and gives a fine example of noble graciousness. I have observed with much delight the charming courtesy of a whole group of physicians towards the Nestor of their profession, and his genuine pride in them as his "boys." I saw the other day in a church where the younger minister draws the crowds with his eloquent preaching how graciously he acted towards the old minister *emeritus*, making him stand first in line under the pulpit to receive the Easter greetings of the people. Both ministers were gentlemen—*unconsciously*. They were the embodiment of ministerial courtesy.

The Need for Independent Thinking*

James Gordon Gilkey

When they heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations, and the languages fell down and worshipped the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up. Daniel 3 : 7.

OF course that is an imaginary picture. Modern Bible study has shown conclusively that Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar, the golden image, and the fiery furnace all belong to the realm of legend. But, fact or fiction, this old story of a crowd kneeling in obedient unison rings true to perennial experience. Individuals readily coagulate into crowds, and then the crowds act with surprising unanimity. The leader's music starts, and as if by magic all the people, the nations, and the languages bow in regimented accord. That was evidently realized in ancient Palestine, it certainly is demonstrated again and again in modern America. In all our plans for improving human life we must take account of this curious crowd-action, this strange tendency of individuals to do what the majority is doing. In such a situation where lies the hope of ultimate progress? It lies in that relatively small group of people who have the courage to think and act for themselves. Jesus, daring to disagree with current teachings about God; Martin Luther, saying quietly: "Here stand I, God helping me I can do no other;" Galileo, clinging bravely to his new scientific theory; Savonarola, saying as he waited for death, "Rome will not put out this fire, and even if Rome did God would light another"—here are independents whose brave, individual thought has led the rest of the world forward to a new day. The need for independent thinking—all history bears witness to it. Suppose we consider it in connection with three modern situations.

We might begin with the fact that we find a surprising amount of hatred and intolerance everywhere

*A sermon preached in the South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., and reprinted from the *Record* of the parish by special permission.

in the world to-day. Probably every war left behind some of this tragic spirit. In the case of the Great War the impulse to indiscriminate hatred seems to have been vastly strengthened by our new machinery of propaganda. We have all been shown repeatedly how the Germans were taught to distrust and despise the English, and how this carefully-inculcated national feeling reached its startling climax in Lissauer's Hymn of Hate. But few of us realize how skilfully and deliberately the rest of the world was roused to hate the Germans. Norman Hapgood has unearthed an interesting example of the workings of the propaganda machine during the early months of the war. When the Germans captured Antwerp in 1914, the victory was announced by the ringing of many church bells in Germany. This simple sentence appeared the next day in the leading paper of Cologne, "When the fall of Antwerp became known, the church bells were rung." From that meager bit of material the propagandists soon developed an extraordinary legend. A Paris paper began the elaboration:

> "According to advices from Cologne, when the fortress of Antwerp was taken the clergy of Antwerp were compelled to ring their own church bells."

Then a London paper took up the story:

> "According to what Paris hears from Cologne, the Belgian priests who refused to ring their church-bells when Antwerp was taken have been driven from their churches."

Then an Italian paper added another detail:

> "According to what London has heard from Cologne via Paris, the unfortunate Belgian priests who refused to ring their church bells when Antwerp was taken have been sentenced to hard labor."

But the climax was reached a few days later in a Paris paper:

> "According to information received in Milan from Cologne via London, it is confirmed that the barbaric conquerors of Antwerp punished the unfortunate Belgian priests for their heroic refusal to ring their own church bells by hanging them as living clappers inside the bells with their heads down."

Once the war was over we discovered that it was impossible to imprison again this evil spirit of indiscriminate denunciation. Like the bewildered apprentice in Goethe's poem, we found that it was one thing to turn the demon loose and quite another to capture him again. The last five years have been marked by a fierce partisanship in every nation, and even to-day we find a practically universal tendency to berate one's opponents or rivals in the most hasty and indiscriminate fashion. Europe still seethes with blind hatred—practically every traveler reports this on his return. The same spirit runs through American life in a dozen less spectacular forms. The last few months have seen the revival and the phenomenal growth of a nation-wide organization whose basic principle is intolerance—of Jews, immigrants, Catholics, and negroes. Not only are these "less-than-100-per-cent Americans" regarded with distrust, they are even terrorized and harried out of the community whenever the masked and self-appointed custodians of law and order see fit to do so. The same fierce partisanship divides the industrial world. How hard it is to find a man who can talk wisely and tolerantly about the labor situation! One is either a bitter defender of labor, with wild and ill-considered denunciations of employers-in-general, or one is an excited defender of capital, with little or no desire to hear what might prove another side of an old story. Tragically enough the same intolerance permeates the religious world. We all thought that the war would be followed by an era of federation, or at least an era of mutual understanding and good-will. Instead the lines between conservative and liberal, fundamentalist and evolutionist, are being dug deeper than ever. When one leaves the larger and more tolerant churches and visits the thought-world of the smaller and narrower ones, it seems as though he had been transplanted from our modern life back into the furious sectarianism of the Middle Ages. Only last week a polite pamphlet was mailed broadcast by a gentleman in Kentucky, evidently a Southern Baptist of the most extreme type. It was entitled "Why Baptist Churches will never surrender," and then followed the author's ten reasons. Some of them are:

> Because Jesus and all the apostles were Baptists, all baptized by a Baptist preacher who had been sent by himself.
>
> Because Jesus set up the first Baptist church out of Baptist material, and that Jerusalem Baptist church organized other Baptist churches, and they in turn organized others and will do so until Jesus comes again.
>
> Because all the New Testament saints were immersed, and there is not one precept or example in all the Bible for sprinkling or pouring as forms of baptism.
>
> Because the Bible teaches only Baptist doctrines unmixed, from lid to lid.
>
> Because every denomination except the Baptist was set up by human heads. The Catholic by Gregory I. The Episcopalian by Henry VIII. The Congregational by Robert Brown. The Mormon by Joe Smith. The Christian Science by Mary Baker Eddy. The Baptist by Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

In such a situation where does the hope of progress lie? In that relatively small group of people who refuse to be stampeded into these group-prejudices, and who insist on doing their own individual and independent thinking. What a day for young people to realize this, and say as they face the chaotic years of the next half-century: "I refuse to hate any nation or any race indiscriminately. I refuse to berate all the Americans who happen to be of another color, another racial type, another religious faith. I refuse to say that there is only one side—my side—to the confused industrial story. I refuse to think that my Church is the only Church, the special creation of Jesus Christ, the pet of the Eternal God. Other people may kneel in unison when the trumpets of intolerance blow, but I propose to do my own thinking and work my way to my own conclusions. There are good Germans as well as bad Germans, just as there are good Frenchmen as well as bad ones. Both the employer and the employee have a story to tell, and both of them deserve to be heard patiently and tolerantly. There is something good in every Church. The Christ who was ready to eat with all sorts of people

can never be made the authority for a divisive sectarianism or an intolerant denominational loyalty. And every group in our complex American life has something of value to contribute to our common future.

"America needs the help of Jews as well as Gentiles, Catholics as well as Protestants, black men as well as white. And where would any of us be if immigrants and the descendants of immigrants were to be sent back home? Sooner or later all of us—every one except the Indians—would have to clamber on shipboard and sail away. Intolerance and bigotry, closed minds and narrow spirits, will get us nowhere. The next time the music of partisanship begins to sound, let us stand bravely in our tracks and defy the discredited deities of prejudice and hatred!" Do you remember Dr. Fosdick's story of the Polish girl in a New York high school who was asked if she could suggest the difference between a man who was merely educated and a man who was genuinely intelligent? She thought a long while and then answered: "An educated man gets his thinks from somebody else. An intelligent man works his own thinks."

Here is another situation in which we need to do some independent thinking: in connection with the home-training of modern young people. Most of us will probably agree that something has gone radically wrong with the home-training of many of the young people of to-day. We can not maintain that all the adolescent boys and girls are failures, but no one can miss the fact that a surprisingly large proportion of them have a curious cheapness, a strange irreverence, a quaint impulse to defy the generally-accepted standards of propriety. Sinclair Lewis gave in "Babbitt" a memorable description of a modern party for high school students. "Ted was planning a party for his set in the senior class. Babbitt meant to be helpful and jolly about it, and from his memory of high school pleasures back in Catawba he suggested the nicest games—Going to Jerusalem, charades with stewpans as helmets, and word-games in which every one represents either an adjective or a quality. But when he was most enthusiastic, he discovered that his son was only tolerating him. Ted announced coolly that there was to be dancing in the living-room, a notable collation in the dining-room, and in the front-hall two tables of bridge for 'those poor old dumb-bells you can't get to dance more'n half the time.' On the night of the party Babbitt was frankly disquieted. Eight years before, when Verona had given her high school party, the children there were featureless babies. But these high school products were supercilious men and women of the world, dressed flashily in evening clothes. One of the boys condescended to Babbitt, and offered him with evident hauteur a cigarette from his silver case. Soon after Babbitt discovered the annex to Ted's party. He had heard rumors of boys and girls drinking together from hip-pocket flasks. He tiptoed round the house, and sure enough in each of the dozen cars waiting in the street he saw the spark of cigarettes and heard high giggles of feminine laughter. Then Babbitt tried to be tactful. 'Say, if any of you boys are thirsty, there's some dandy ginger ale in the house.' Dead silence. . . . and then some one said condescendingly 'Thanks awfully.' Babbitt went back to the house in a rage, and sought out his wife in the pantry. But she speedily silenced him. 'All the mothers tell me,' she remonstrated, 'that if you get mad because they go out to their cars for a drink, they won't come to your house any more. You don't want Ted left out of their parties, do you?' " One of the shrewdest details in that picture is the miniature of Mrs. Babbitt. Of course she did not like the situation, but what was she to do? All the other mothers tolerated it, and she certainly would not want to be the one to start a protest. Ted would be ostracised if she did. The social music starts and the bewildered mothers kneel in obedient unison.

Can we prevent the reappearance of this young people's problem when our younger children reach the high school age? We can if we—as their parents—are ready to do some independent thinking, and—if necessary—pay the price for it. One of the disheartening things about a community like Babbitt's or our own is the fatal unwillingness of the average to violate in the slightest degree the social code of the crowd. Tolerate anything, but do not make yourself or your children conspicuous: here seems to be the motto of many modern homes. As long as that spirit continues among the parents, the boys and girls—naturally led by the most daring spirit among them—will have their own way unhindered, and the young people's problem will persist from generation to generation.

Only when a new spirit appears among parents, the spirit of courageous, independent thinking, can we hope to emerge from the coarseness and vulgarity in which we now find ourselves. What will parents with this independent attitude say? Something like this: "We do not propose to be either medieval or despotic in our dealings with our children. They have a right to laughter and the comradeship of their own generation. They also have a right to a certain independence and freedom. But we certainly do not intend to have our children in their impressionable years stampeded into vulgarity simply because no parents in the community have the courage to take a firm stand for decency. After careful thought we have decided that we do not believe in serving liquor to children of high school age. If a boy brings it to our home and starts serving it to our guests, we shall politely ask him to stop or go home. What he does under his own roof and for his own guests is his own affair; what he does in our home and for our guests is ours. After careful thought we have decided that it is improper for high school girls to smoke. What they do in later years, what they do in their own home, is their own affair. But as long as they are in our home, and at an age which is at best slightly immature, they will not be allowed to smoke. After careful thought we have decided that there are certain proprieties of conduct which must be observed by boys and girls when they meet for a good time. Other homes may scrap these familiar conventions, the boys and girls themselves may abandon them when they reach the twenties and thirties. But for the present, and in our home, these proprieties will be observed. If some of our guests—either through drunkenness or wilful determination—

feel they can not observe these proprieties, they will be politely requested to go home. This will provoke a storm in our social circle? This will mean social ostracism for us and our children? All right. We would rather be snubbed by that kind of crowd than expose our children a day longer to its baneful influence. We can go elsewhere and find for our children comrades who may be slightly better and obviously can not be much worse." How long would there be a young people's problem if an appreciable number of parents took this attitude? It is high time some one spoke frankly about the whole situation. The blame for the present young people's problem—where there is one—can not be laid entirely at the door of the young people. A great deal of the blame must fall on weak-willed parents who, ever since their children's infancy, have been too timorous to make their own judgment felt either in the lives of their children or the life of the community. The social music starts, and they kneel in obedient acquiescence before the gods of a small-town popularity.

These thoughts about ourselves and our children bring us face to face with a third situation in which the rising generation needs the courage to think independently. Have you ever recognized the particular ideas of success that are becoming dominant among many of the young people of our time? Ask what success is, and most parents in the twenties and thirties will say: "In the final analysis, success is money. If you can get a great deal of money, you will have everything worth having. That money will build a fine house where you can entertain lavishly. It will hire a dozen servants who will relieve you of all responsibility and drudgery. It will even bring experts to train your children for you—a long succession of nurse-maids, governesses, tutors, scout-masters, and camp-directors who will take from your shoulders all the burden of bringing up your boys and girls. Then you can turn the years into a perennial vacation, or—splendidly released from drudgery of every kind—you can follow your own bent undisturbed and finally win superb laurels. There is happiness. There is success. The one thing you need is money, and a lot of it." Look at the young people who fill the apartments and the new homes of a city like this: would you not agree that they have set their heart on getting money, and that they are trusting it to bring them ultimate happiness? Day by day these young parents make the most amazing sacrifices to accumulate a little more wealth, to enlarge their household menage, to "keep up" with the young people who are a stage beyond them in the financial scale. Quietly and steadily they are changing before our eyes the type of American home. Contrast their home to-day with that of their parents a generation ago and that of their grandparents two generations ago. Startling differences are immediately apparent, some of which constitute a potential menace to the persistance of certain American types. And where other young people are trying to live a simpler and more normal life, what do you find? A secret bitterness of spirit, a secret feeling that home life of the older type is the source of endless drudgery, endless economy, endless strain.

Money and the things money will buy—the golden deities tower above the plain, and most of the young people of our generation are kneeling in strange agreement before them. Choose a profession of public service? Not much! No money there. Enjoy the work and the economies of the average home and the average family? Hardly! Is there any one anywhere who raises a voice of protest against this modern materialism? Off in the distance, half concealed in the haze of the centuries, is the figure of a Young Man. His voice echoes faintly above the thousands kneeling before the idol of gold. One can scarcely understand his words. They seem to be something like this: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." Must be some mistake somewhere!

Do you want to find the road to happiness—for yourself and for your children? Turn your back once and for all on that staring image of gold. Forget all this current nonsense about being happy just as soon as you have a big house, a lot of servants, and freedom from the work and the sacrifice you know today. You will never find happiness along the road so many of the young people you know are following. Let them go their way—you resolutely and independently go yours. Build a simple home where love and sacrifice are splendidly exhibited. Create a little world in which all of you—father, mother, sons, and daughters—grow old together, sharing laughter and tears, happy play, hard work, perennial economy. Never mind if that home does absorb all the money you can earn. Never mind if it slowly takes your youth, your strength, your very life. In that home, with its memories and its problems, you will find something that the young people kneeling before the gods of gold can never find. You will find the happiness that money can never give, and the loss of money can never take away. You will find the love that is beyond all price. "For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

"The Judge's house has a splendid porch with pillars and steps of stone,
And the Judge has a lovely flowering hedge that came from across the seas;
In the Hales' garage you could put my house and everything I own,
And the Hales have a lawn like an emerald, and a row of poplar trees.
Now I have only a little house and only a little lot,
And only a few square yards of lawn with dandelions starred,
But when winter comes I have something there that the Judge and Hales have not,
And it's better worth having than all their wealth—it's a snowman in the yard.

"The Judge's money brings architects to make his mansion fair,
The Hales have seven gardeners to make their roses grow;
The Judge can get his trees from Spain, from France and everywhere,
And raise his orchids under glass in the midst of all the snow.
But I have something no architect or gardener ever made,
A thing that is shaped by the busy touch of little mittened hands,
And the Judge would give up his lonely estate where the level snow is laid,
For the little house with the trampled yard, the yard where the snowman stands."

Talks with Toilers

IV---The Traffic Officer

Edward H. Cotton

I WAS standing one morning at the intersection of two of the busiest streets of a great city. Throngs of people coming from north, south, east and west met and passed there. Long lines of trucks, automobiles, electric cars, and horse-drawn vehicles came up out of the business section, the market district and from suburban points and passed on to their destinations; and every one—men, women, and children, drivers of horse vehicles and drivers of motor vehicles—was in a hurry—except one man. In the midst of that crowding, jamming, excited throng eager to get past the congested crossing, this person did not appear particularly anxious or disturbed, though on him rested the really tremendous responsibility of safely and quickly directing that tumultuous, disorganized concourse of pedestrians and vehicles.

It was the traffic man. He it was who kept the converging streams of hurrying humanity running smoothly; who got the timid old lady as well as the headlong-rushing business man securely from sidewalk to sidewalk; who stood in the path of the five-ton truck and brought it to a sudden, sliding stop with a decisive gesture of his white-gloved hand. He was the man who refused to be charmed by the sweet smiles of persuasive women drivers, or by the frowns of men of business in a desperate hurry, or by the curses of truck-drivers determined to trespass on a one-way street.

As I watched him, courteously replying to questions and requests, beckoning the laggards, halting the reckless, rescuing children, shutting his lips at scurrilous accusations, doing it all with an easy precision, and smiling as he worked, it seemed that the city owed him a debt which it could not pay in wages. What that officer was doing, more than three hundred men were doing in various parts of the city, and their fellow-officers in all the cities of the land; for the coming of the motor vehicle has immensely complicated traffic conditions and required the creation of an entirely new type of police officer. The story of that man has been told before, but much remains to be told.

My interest had been aroused, and I started on a tour of investigation, meeting in every instance with the utmost courtesy and readiness to explain conditions, from the superintendent of police, the deputy captains, sergeants, and the men who guard the crossings. I only wish that drivers of automobiles who are at odds with the traffic man because he holds them back when minutes are precious and tags their car because it stands overtime at a curbing, could have followed me in that investigation. They would have learned that the one thing the police, from the superintendent down, are trying to give pedestrians and drivers in that city is a square deal. But they also ask a square deal for themselves in return.

The traffic department is anxious that the public understand that it is endeavoring to serve all the people, and to get every one to his destination as promptly as is consistent with safety. In short, to explain it as one of the sergeants did: "Never mind what happens to you. Keep the traffic moving. *Keep it moving.*" That is the traffic man's first and last lesson. Nothing must be allowed to block the flowing streams.

"Yes," said the superintendent of police, "we want you to talk with our men. I will telephone down to Station 20 and have them ready for you. See the captain and sergeant and then get the men to tell their stories. You are doing the kind of work that helps police and public co-operate.

I had my talk with the captain and sergeant, and found them as enthusiastic as the superintendent that traffic should be handled in the quickest, safest way. Their task was to control the multitudes of people, the thousands and thousands of vehicles that daily pass through the city. To do that with speed and security is not a job for an amateur. I also found captain and sergeant equally interested in their men. When I told of an act of courtesy on the part of an officer at a crossing, their faces glowed with pride. "Why," said the captain, "you know those boys are like children to me. When one gets hurt at his post, it is as though a child of mine had met with an accident." And later I found that the men understood this feeling on the part of the "old man," and would go out of their way to please him with a fine piece of traffic-handling.

It was noon when I happened in at Station 20, which, by the way, is located in one of the most historic buildings of the country. There in the great barrack room were fifty or more officers off duty, resting on benches, hats and coats off, clubs dangling from belts, pistol butts protruding from hip pockets. A dozen were playing dominoes at a table; groups were talking over the incidents of the forenoon. What splendid, upstanding physiques! Every man had been required to pass a rigid physical examination—and showed it.

Then the sergeant came out of the office (he had been a policeman twenty-five years, and said he had a story of adventure to tell that would rival those told by Conan Doyle and O. Henry) and rapped on the table. "Here's a writer come from the superintendent's office to get the stories of your trials and tribulations. He'll listen as long as you'll talk."

I sat down in the midst of a half-dozen stalwart officers. But they were shy. They had stories that would go in any magazine, but they were reluctant to tell them. All were young fellows in their twenties, pictures of physical vigor, health, and enthusiasm, with open, resolute faces, but here and there among the older ones I detected a hint of nervous strain—perhaps he had been hit by an automobile, or had had a particularly trying morning.

Presently, some one mentioned an incident of the forenoon when a truck driver had cursed him out, pushed past him, and been arrested as the only way

to make him respect the law. That eased the situation, and after a few moments they began to talk to each other of the day's work as though I were not there, which was precisely what I wanted. All I needed to do was to listen, then to take mental notes—I knew better than to produce a note-book. I can see again that huge, bare room, eloquent of historic memories, wherein 150 men could manouver with ease, the group leaning over a table engrossed in the domino game, blue-coated officers coming and going, while without the giant heart of the city throbbed and pulsated. As I write, those young men, off duty, come before me, each with his distinct personality, each with his background of home life, pastimes, discipline, readiness to do his turn of duty at his crossing, whether the wheel of fortune turned for him or against him.

I can not present the picturesqueness of that scene, the sprightly vehemence of the language. I will, however, reproduce as accurately as possible that exceedingly interesting conversation.

"That truck-driver you mentioned," said an officer, who was the quickest of speech of the group, "has too many counterparts on the streets. Some of them will not stop. When you ask them why, they say, 'We didn't see your hand.'" He laughed, extended a broad, muscular hand and remarked, "That hand is large enough, and besides, it has a white glove on it."

"Those *are* the drivers who give us trouble," observed another, a huge type of officer with the shoulders of an ox, "the men who will not stop. Most want to observe the rules, and do. When they don't, take 'em into court; it's the only way, but that doesn't prevent them using foul language on you—and you not able to answer."

"I never answer that kind," said a quiet officer. "They'll never be able to get me that way. Let 'em talk. We have the authority. The 'old man' is back of us, and the law is back of him."

"But you'll have to agree," the first observed, "that it does get you after a while, with four lines of traffic waiting and piling up and the crowd glaring at you from the sidewalks. You're right, most do observe the rules. My troubles come from strangers in town who are not familiar with our regulations, and don't know the one-way streets. A good many drivers who pass my crossing know me. I never have trouble with them, because they know I won't hold them a second longer than necessary. But talking of troubles —how about the women drivers?"

He had struck a responsive chord, as vigorous affirmative nods indicated.

"They don't bother me," declared the officer with the quiet voice. "Their 'charms' and 'winsome ways' don't go on my crossing."

"But they are bound to get by," insisted the one who had tossed in the apple of discord. "They can't understand *why*, and want to know *how soon*. When a parade is coming along they want to know the reason why they must go down a side street, and not straight ahead. If you insist, it is frowns you get, and sometimes words. I knew a fellow—he had the corner of — and — Streets. A girl drove by his crossing every day for six months, each time greeting him with a sweet 'Good-morning.' By and by he returned the greeting. Then one morning, when he was feeling especially good, he said, 'Good-morning—Sweetheart.' She brought her car to a sudden stop, turned on him with a way they have, and told him she would report him for insolence." He laughed. "What can a poor traffic cop do?"

"Yes," said the huge officer, "I believe you. He was feeling especially happy that morning. She had an off day. It's the way the dear public feels. Haven't you noticed that the weather makes a big difference? Take a bright, clear morning like this one, and traffic moves like a clock. But let it rain or snow, or let a blue Monday come, or the day after vacation—that's the time to watch for trouble."

An officer who had taken no part in the conversation but had been listening, tilted back in his chair, took his pipe from his mouth, and remarked: "You didn't mean that, boy. You didn't mean that the traffic moves like a clock. It never does that. I never knew it to, and you never did. We've had a good day, so far, in spite of the big parade. But you can't tell what will happen this afternoon. It's that uncertainty that gets on your nerves after a while. You'll handle a hundred considerate drivers, and then along comes one whose breakfast didn't agree with him, who bawls you out for holding him up, and tells the crowd he'll report you for exceeding your authority. Those, and the men and women drivers who should never have been given licenses, ruin the traffic man's disposition."

Silence followed, while the men smoked and reflected. "I'll tell you what we ought to have," said the one who had started the conversation. He was an alert, adventurous officer who had one of the hardest crossings in the city. "We should have a white square to stand in. That should be our territory, with no pedestrians or vehicles allowed there. If we had such a zone of safety fewer officers would be knocked down by careless drivers."

The group thought the suggestion a good one. But one or two said the square would not serve its purpose, for the officer was always moving about. The idea did seem practical. Of the three hundred-odd traffic officers in that city, from seventy-five to one hundred are bowled over every year, with some laid up in the hospital from six months to a year. After they are hit once or twice, their confidence is likely to be affected, and they must be given less dangerous duty.

"A traffic officer can have no nerves," said the quiet one. "He needs to be an iron man. They give us frequent half-hour reliefs, and two weeks' vacation, and believe me, we need it."

"Here's one for the churches," observed the first speaker. "They ought to have a traffic Sunday, when the minister tells the congregation the rules. When I went to church I listened to what the minister said, and it meant more than what I read in books and papers. Let him inform himself of traffic regulations, get our side, and then tell the people."

"Sermons are all right," remarked the one in the tilted chair, "but I've more faith in arrests. Don't you remember, after that fellow was arrested and sentenced who violated the law on —— crossing, how the public was like lambs for a week?"

The men then fell to discussing which was the most difficult obstacle, and agreed it was the pedestrian who would not obey the officer's signal, but was bound to cross at the wrong time.

"Then one of them says," he of the quick speech declared, " 'I'm safe as long as I'm beside you.' Of all the 'dense ones' we have to handle, he is the densest. Safe! I wish I could get him there some noon, when there is a fire on —— Street, and engines, hose wagons, and ladder trucks come at full speed from three directions, and have to be turned in the fourth—with a jam of traffic in the way. He'd wish he had stayed on the sidewalk."

The sergeant came out to call the roll, and I rose to go.

"Come down again," they invited. "Come down and hear our band play. It was the captain's idea. We've got one of the best in the city."

I drive an automobile. I have shared the irritation of the average driver who feels that the traffic officer sometimes is his natural enemy. I shall not share it again, for I have learned that he is the best friend I have in that crowded city. One of the officers of that group was twenty-one months on a certain crossing and had but three accidents, none of which he could have prevented. A woman stepped in front of an automobile; a boy was run down by a truck; the brakes of a delivery truck refused to hold. Suppose he had not been there? The accidents would have been many times multiplied.

And for this harrowing, never-ending nerve strain, what does he get in wages? An average of thirty-four dollars a week—not enough to support a family in the city. Add family responsibility, therefore, to the exacting demands of the day's duty. Remember this, and the next time you are halted by a traffic officer, though it may be with short ceremony, thank him. Perhaps he has saved you a serious accident.

Tufts College Commencement

COMMENCEMENT at Tufts College is made up of several days of varying celebrations. A part of the closing activity includes Jackson Day and the Junior Prom. On these occasions different groups of friends visit the Hill and see the students here in play and sport. The last series of events begins with the Class Day celebrations on the Friday before the graduation. Then it is that the Hill has on its gala dress and the trees in the evening shine with hundreds of lanterns. But Class Day is not all sport, for in the morning the graduating classes come together in the chapel for two rather serious events. One is called the "Last Chapel." Then the senior class comes in cap and gown for a last service with the president and the chaplain, and for the last time they sing Alma Mater as members of the college. The services were conducted by the chaplain of the college, Dean McCollester, and an address of friendship and Godspeed was given by President Cousens. After this came a second service in the chapel when the orator, Mr. C. F. Rock, and the poet, Miss M. P. McCarty, gave their class messages to their associates in Jackson and Tufts. In the afternoon of this day the Tree exercises were held in the tent opening on to South Campus. The orations were by Orrin C. MacCorkle, for Tufts, and Miss Mary B. Glidden, for Jackson. The Class History, with many jokes on the members, was given by Albert W. Vanderhoof. After these exercises came a baseball game between Tufts and St. John's College and later fraternity spreads, with finally a dance in Goddard Gymnasium.

Saturday was Alumni Day and the effort to call back to the Hill the old grads was successful though it was rainy and cold. The special reunions were of the five year classes, from 1924 backward and of these the largest group was the twenty-five year class—1899. Some of the classes had sporty emblems and costumes, and had the day been fair and the march to the campus for the game with Harvard been possible the show would have been most amusing. The rain which prevented Tufts from beating Harvard had a value in that it did produce a closer fellowship among the returning members. The tent was ample for all and it made a fine place for the groups, as classes, to get together and yet to be a part of the whole.

A notable event of the afternoon was the dedication of the "Bowen Gate" at the north of the quadrangle and near the Museum. This is the gift of E. B. Bowen, '76, of Adams. The presentation was made by Mr. Bowen himself and the gift was accepted in a short speech by President Cousens. All of this was in the rain, but the cheers for Mr. Bowen showed that the wet could not dampen the good will of Tufts men. The game being given up, the crowds were invited down to Jackson Gym and a play was put on for the entertainment of the visitors. This gave the visitors personal evidence of the fine work being done here at the college under the direction of Professors Lewis and Gilmer in the field of drama. Tufts is excelling in this field.

In the evening a dinner was served in Goddard Gym and every inch of space was filled with Tufts and Jackson students. Mr. Ira R. Kent acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were President Cousens, Harold E. Sweet, president of the Board of Trustees, Chaplain C. H. Dickens of the United States Navy, '94, and the Rev. F. O. Hall, D. D., for the class of '84.

On Sunday afternoon the faculty and graduates marched in academic costume to Goddard Chapel for the baccalaureate sermon. The opening services were conducted by Prof. C. R. Skinner and Dr. F. O. Hall. The benediction was given by President Cousens. The sermon by Dr. McCollester, dean of the Theological School, was on "Open-mindedness the Aim of College Education." The texts were, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and "He that would be great among you shall be as your servant." He said: "The greatest need of to-day is for men who can be leaders, men who are intelligent, honest, world-minded and courageous. The larger mass is slow and conventional. Only the smaller number are creative and inspiring. In

the training of leaders there are needed a wise accumulation of knowledge, a steady power of clear thinking, a warm sympathy with humanity, and an open-mindedness respecting the whole of life. Freedom of thought is one of the privileges of the college, but it must be used to the creating of that leadership which shall make for a better civilization. Education is not given men that they may hold it for themselves as their own possession. He that would save his education must give it to his fellow men in some kind of leadership." The preacher traced the relation of open-mindedness in the fields of government, trade and religion. His word to the graduates was that they were to be leaders in the new problems of to-day and that by reason of their larger equipment they were to feel themselves under the greater obligation to serve the good of mankind.

Monday was fair and people were early on the Hill. This occasion brings together the faculties and students of both the "Hill" and the "Avenue"—400 of the former and 2,100 of the latter. A problem of the near future is that of accommodation for Commencement celebrations, for now even the big tent is overflowing. On this occasion 214 undergraduates received first degrees, eight graduate degrees, and ten honorary degrees. Among those receiving Masters degrees were two recent graduates of Crane, the Rev. Isaac Smith and the Rev. C. H. Valentine. Two from the Theological School received the degrees of Associate in Arts, Theodore De Luca and James F. Perkins, Jr. The two to receive the degree of S. T. B. were Thomas Turrell and L. A. Owen. One hundred and thirty-six received the degree of M. D., and 125 the degree of D. M. The procession formed north of Ballou and marched around the building to the tent. The Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., '91, was at the head as for many years, acting as marshall. The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. McCollester. Then President Cousens presented the representative of the Medical School, Davis T. Gallison, "The Physician and His Patient;" of Jackson College, Miss Pearl M. Cavaney, "On Doing One's Own Thinking;" of Crane, L. A. Owen, "The Church and the Modern World;" of Tufts, E. F. Hehnan, "The Changing Status of Education." The representative of those receiving honorary degrees was James Harvey Robinson. In a most delightful way Mr. Robinson made a plea for the youth in the leadership of modern life. Following this President Cousens gave the degrees to the candidates in course, and then with well-chosen phrases bestowed the honorary degrees. The degree of LL. D. was given to Owen D. Young; of D. D. to Herbert E. Benton '94 and Carl F. Henry, '94; of L. H. D. to James Harvey Robinson; of Sc. D. to Edward O. Otis and Edward R. Weidlein; of Litt. D. to Henry W. Holmes, dean of the Graduate School of Harvard; of A. M. to Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and Norman P. Woods. The exercises closed with benediction by Dr. F. O. Hall.

The several schools, faculties and guests were distributed to several different buildings for dinner, and later many of the visitors gathered on the campus to listen to the band and visit with one another. This has been one of the most successful Commencement seasons experienced by the college. The president reported at the Alumni dinner some new gifts and outlined new plans for a better though not a bigger Tufts. The intention is to lift the standards of excellence, to bring in new faculty members and to place new buildings. The Fletcher endowments give to the college the feeling of stability and the promise of much new development.

Commencement at St. Lawrence

INTEREST in the Commencement at St. Lawrence this year centered around its most distinguished alumnus (also a loyal Universalist), Owen D. Young. Mr. Young was elected chairman of the Board of Trustees, succeeding Hon. Ledyard P. Hale, a distinguished and loyal alumnus, and who nominated Mr. Young for the position. When at the alumni luncheon the Rev. John Sayles, D. D., who received his doctorate at this Commencement, said that if the Democrats at their convention, as seemed likely, should be unable to agree on any of the names now prominently mentioned, he would like to propose Owen D. Young as their candidate for President, Mr. Young speaking later said there was no office of honor that he would rather hold than that of chairman of the Board of Trustees of his own Alma Mater. In an unusually impressive speech delivered at a fraternity banquet during the Commencement he urged men not to let go of the ties that held them to their old home town, their old friends, and their college. He said that there was no degree that he valued as highly as that from his own Alma Mater. As Mr. Young received three degrees from great institutions the following week this remark had significance. That this loyalty to his college has not decreased with heavier cares and responsibilities is notable. Immediately on his return from Europe, where he had been as a member of the Reparations Commission, he came to Canton to attend the meeting of the Board of Trustees.

In recognition of his devotion to his college and of his distinguished services on the Reparations Commission a reception was tendered to him and Mrs. Young on Monday afternoon of Commencement week.

Tuesday afternoon at the alumni luncheon just referred to Mr. Young made a distinctly great speech in which sentiment and wisdom were finely combined. In the course of this he made beautiful acknowledgment to ex-President A. B. Hervey, of the class of '61, the oldest living graduate of the College and the Theological School, now in his eighty-sixth year, who sat at Mr. Young's side at the luncheon, as the man who discovered him on a New York farm and who was instrumental in persuading him to go to college at St. Lawrence. He then went on and spoke of the world situation and declared that in his opinion the question whether we entered the World Court or the League of Nations was secondary. What was of primary importance was that the United States should give up its attitude of selfish isolation and bring its help and

influence to the nations of Europe. The question of the particular method of assisting the European countries was comparatively unimportant, the imperative thing was that we should have an active sympathetic interest and spirit of helpfulness. His plea for the active and official co-operation of our people in the solution of European problems made a profound impression.

The Commencement opened with Alumni Day, Saturday, June 7. On this day the usual alumni parade and reunions took place and the annual Commencement baseball game with the Clarkson College of Theology, which St. Lawrence won 6-3, its third successive victory over this "nine." In the morning the trustees of the Theological School and of the Clinton Liberal Institute held their meetings. In the evening the "Mummers," a dramatic society of the university, presented, under the direction of Prof. E. R. Miles, Sheridan's "Rivals." It was a splendid production. All members of the cast took their parts admirably, but the stars were easily Norman D. Fletcher as Sir Anthony Absolute and Miss Hester Cushing as Mrs. Malaprop. Both of these are members of the graduating class of the Theological School and both go to Haverhill.

On Sunday morning the graduating exercises of the Theological School took place, and they were notably impressive. Four young men, Charles Clare Blauvelt of Pasadena, Cal., Seth Rogers Brooks of Brooklyn, Norman Dewey Fletcher of Ayer, Mass., and Harry Elmer Peters of Cortland, were graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in the six year course. All are young men of splendid ability and spirit. Two young ladies, Hester Cushing and Elizabeth Bullis, graduated in the Minister's Assistant Course. Mrs. Lillian Saxe Holmes of the class of '03 received the diploma of the school *nunc pro tunc.*

Norman D. Fletcher delivered a thesis on the subject, "Democracy a Social Philosophy Rooted in Christianity," an excellent piece of work. The address of the occasion was delivered by the Rev. William Lawrence Sullivan, D. D. It was masterly and profoundly stirred the congregation that completely filled the church. He summarized his thoughts under three heads: first, that these young ministers should use reason in their work and not be guided by sentimentality which is so often the dominating guide of the masses; second, he advised that they exemplify absolute rectitude in their thought and learning; and third, that by their lives and through their profession they should devote themselves whole-heartedly, with dignity and reverence, to bringing people to a closer communion with God. This was the great need. In connection with this last point he criticised very severely the skeptical and materialistic tendencies of both supposed scientists and religionists. The Dean of the Theological School spoke the parting words to the graduates and President Sykes conferred the degrees and diplomas.

On Sunday afternoon President Sykes delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class of the college at the Opera House before a very large audience. He took for his text Mark 11 : 22, "Jesus said unto them, 'Have faith in God,'" and Deut. 33 : 27, "Underneath are the everlasting arms," and announced as his theme for his parting words to the class, "The Need and the Value of an Unswerving Faith in God." It was a stirring discourse and held the closest attention of the audience. In the course of his sermon he said: "Some people seem to have little or no conception of such a faith as this and regard it as entirely visionary and unsubstantial. A young man thus troubled in mind and heart confided his perplexities to me, and when I spoke of my implicit belief and faith in God and His providential care that embraces every life as well as every world I saw that I was speaking to him in an unknown language. He frankly confessed that God to him is a myth—a fable. In his judgment there is no sufficient evidence of God's existence simply because no one has ever seen, heard or touched Him. Because God is invisible and intangible, evading our grasp and our glance, therefore, to this young man, God is a phantom of a deluded mind. The altogether admirable thing about this young man is his frankness and honesty. He put the question straight to me, 'What makes you believe and have faith in a Being who you admit is invisible and intangible?' This in brief was my answer: 'There is nothing of which I feel so sure as I do of the existence of my own soul—something in me invisible and intangible, an unseen reality. It is something that thinks, loves, hates, hopes, dreams, purposes and aspires. I may say that I know my own soul if I may be said to know anything at all.'

"I look over this audience and am conscious of your visible presence as I am of the building in which we are gathered. But there is a world of thought, motive and feeling in you which I do not know and even those nearest to each other do not know. It can not be seen, touched or heard, nor can this knowledge be wrung from you if you wish to keep it concealed. We know our own souls but we believe in other people's souls. We do not see, hear or touch them, yet we believe in invisible spirits, all around us. Now if we thus can believe in the existence of each other's souls even though we can not see or handle them, so we can believe in the great Soul of God, the All Embracing Spirit who is the Father of all souls, and clothes Himself in the gorgeous garb of this material universe.

"I have chosen to impress this theme on the minds and hearts of young people who are about to be graduated from college and take part in the great world which invites, because judging from my own experience nothing has a greater steadying power and at the same time a greater driving power than faith in God."

Monday morning there was Alumni Chapel, a unique feature of every St. Lawrence Commencement, when the old "grads" come back and are called on for impromptu speeches. Humorous and most interesting remarks were made by the Rev. G. W. Perry, '68, of Chester Depot, Vt., Irving Bacheller, '82, Mrs. Florence Lee Whitman,'82, and many others.

At the graduating exercises of the college on Tuesday morning, eighty-four students were graduated in the regular courses. Two theses were delivered, one by Evelyn Hardick on "Mental Hygiene" and the other by Arthur S. Torrey on "The Problem of the World Court."

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Herbert Foster Gunnison, '80, one of the most influential and devoted alumni and trustees of the university. The same degree was given to Frank Truman Post, '83, a leading lawyer of Spokane, Washington. The degree of L. H. D., was conferred upon Harold Bowtell Johnson, editor of the *Watertown Times*. The degree of Doctor of Pedagogy was conferred on John Bell Laidlaw, '01, and of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. John Sayles of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

At the alumni luncheon the Hon. Ledyard P. Hale, the retiring president of the corporation, presided most graciously as toastmaster, and called upon those who had received degrees for toasts. All were most happy in their remarks, notably the Rev. John Sayles, D. D., who is *primus inter pares* as an after-dinner speaker.

In recognition of his faithful and untiring service to the university the Board of Trustees of St. Lawrence voted President Sykes a gift of $1,000 to defray the expenses of himself and Mrs. Sykes while on their trip to Europe this summer with New England friends. They also granted a leave of absence for a year with full pay to Prof. Charles Kelsey Gaines.

The Board instructed the committee on new buildings to investigate the feasibility of beginning construction on the Gunnison Memorial Chapel, if in their opinion the $70,000 now on hand for this building would warrant it, and a building could be designed which in the future could be enlarged as more funds became available. The Board further voted that when the $500,000 required by the General Board of Education had been paid in on the Million Dollar Campaign, the funds in excess of this amount should be used for needed new buildings, and the first building to be erected from this money should be a gymnasium.

Lombard College Commencement

FOR eight years sunshine has greeted the Lombard Commencement week, and the record is still unbroken. The biggest, happiest crowd ever assembled on the campus helped to celebrate the sixty-ninth Commencement.

The Baccalaureate sermon Sunday morning by the Rev. Carl F. Henry of Pasadena, Cal., was a masterpiece of most human advice to young people. Monday, as College Day, was full of recitals, pageants, baseball games, and senior plays. Everything was crowded; every one was happy; each event was successful.

Tuesday, Alumni Day, started with the time-honored picnic lunch on the campus. More than 500 alumni and friends helped to make the occasion most enjoyable. An alumni meeting in the afternoon and another recital prepared the friends for the Alumni Banquet at the Galesburg Club Tuesday evening, which taxed the accommodations of their large dining room. With the Rev. Pliny A. Allen as toastmaster, short addresses by Judge R. S. Galer, the Rev. Carl F. Henry, and President Tilden, songs and cheers by the senior class, it is no wonder the dinner was also a big success.

Wednesday morning the senior class and visitors assembled in chapel for Commencement. The address was given by Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School—another masterly effort, delightfully rendered and most appreciatively received. A fine class of thirty young men and women graduated, and honorary degrees were extended to Carl F. Henry of Pasadena, who received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Arthur Nash of Cincinnati, who was given the degree of "Doctor of Humane Laws."

The reports of the officers and the trustees were optimistic. The anniversary campaign is progressing slowly but surely, and President Tilden believes it will be finished within the time limit. Many new friends are being discovered. The spirit of optimism prevails and conditions are good. The treasurer's report shows the smallest deficit in eight years, another matter for congratulation.

Dr. Harold Marshall of Boston and the Rev. W. H. Macpherson of Joliet were elected to the Board of Trustees to succeed themselves. Sylvester Clayberg of Avon was placed on the Board and the Illinois State Universalist Convention was requested to nominate a man for the fourth position.

The best part of the entire program was the announcement by President Tilden of the four distinct honors which have come to Lombard during the past year, showing that its educational standing and rating is the highest that can possibly be attained in the state and the Middle West. Lombard is a Class A college under the investigation of the University of Illinois. It has been admitted to the North Central Association, the highest accrediting agency in the country. A chapter of Phi Kappa Phi has been awarded the college, a distinct honor, as this fraternity is known as one of the strong societies based entirely upon scholastic merit. In addition to these three acknowledgments of educational standing Lombard's credits have been accepted during the past year by every university in the country to which the students have wished to transfer either for graduate or undergraduate work.

In all, Lombard's progress in education and denominational co-operation is noteworthy and the assistance of the General Convention and the Illinois Convention has been no small factor in this progress.

* * *

ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR MR. NASH

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The *Leader* is by far the best paper I have ever read. It is progressive, broad and full of life and pep.

As to the disposition of the Nash money, it seems to me, speaking from the standpoint of a farmer, whose ability to buy clothing as well as other necessaries of life is quite limited, that Arthur Nash has made his money in a very short time. I would suggest that the price of clothing be reduced so that the consumer of the manufactured article can get it for less money. Good goods for less money is my idea.

Farmers are working about sixteen hours a day and when taxes and expenses are paid have very little, if anything, left. Many farmers do not break

even, although crops may be good. In other words I think the wages received by the section hand and the president of the railroad should be more on an equal basis.

Yours for *every* good work,
S. W. Noland.

* * *

RELATING OUR CHURCHES TO SOCIAL WELFARE

Charles H. Pennoyer

The following is approved by the Social Welfare Commission as a working basis for the churches, in the hope that it may be of help in the common ambition for greater service.

Slogan: Every church and every church member interested in some form of social welfare study, support and service.

1. Have a simply organized local Church Council or Committee on Social Welfare, whose duties shall be to endeavor to put together the story of the local church's outstanding record in the past and to keep the record from now on; to present some kind of report to different church or parish meetings and to hold workers' conferences and open meetings of its own; to make some report to the denominational department and avail itself of the helps of the department; to co-ordinate and reasonably direct the local church interest along the line of study, support and service.

2. Study to be made of principles and practises of friendly visiting, by classes or others groups; local social agencies and their work; human interest side of city and country planning; opportunities for neighborhood or community social education; the *Survey* magazine.

3. Support to be given to financial needs of the usual denominational and local philanthropies; conferring with such local body as the central council of social agencies or with important particular welfare societies; representative social workers, by inviting them as special church guests, with speaking, changing the list somewhat each year, visit to be made each year to two or more centers of social welfare activity; movements for social reform, by open hearing, including such major issues as peace, law enforcement, prison reform and industrial understanding, with one new cause each year; the minister as a social welfare leader. To him we look for moral inspiration.

4. Service of more active kind to be given by volunteer visiting in the fields of family welfare among the poor, the sick, the immigrants or other individual case needs, always in co-operation with the organized agencies and professional leaders; visiting and entertaining at hospitals and other institutions, sending flowers or fruit; co-operation in entertainment of and with foreign-born, recognition of new voters, especially in cities, rural committees may specially co-operate with city fresh air groups; organized units taking care of actual or potential boy and girl groups, with a special interest in supervised recreation; conservation of natural resources and response to call of outdoor life; co-operation in such welfare services as are plainly called for by better city or country planning; co-operation in some neighborhood or community meetings; some advanced individual and group services which the better organized churches may feel the call and ability to render.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Far Vision

The little sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah is two years old. And she hath learned to use the Telephone. And she called me on the Phone, and she said, Good Morning, Grandpa. See my New Blue Dress. Isn't it pretty?

And I said, It is lovely, my dear; and I am happy that it is thine. Ask thy mother to bring thee over when the day is a little older, and be sure and wear thy New Blue Dress.

Now the little damsel had no doubt that her Grandpa who could hear her Voice could also see her New Blue Dress as far as he could hear. Therefore did she say, Good Morning, Grandpa. See my New Blue Dress. Isn't it pretty?

And after a while she cometh to see me. And after she hath hugged the Wooden Bear, she showeth me the New Blue Dress, and it is just as pretty as she said it was, and she more fair than the Dress.

And who shall say that the little maiden doth overestimate her Grandsire's Power of Vision, or expect too much of him in asking him to behold her New Blue Dress by Telephone?

It is the gift of love which maketh it possible to behold things that eye saw not, and to hear things that ear heard not, and to rejoice in things that entered not into the heart of other men, even the things which God revealeth to them that Love Him and love other Good and Pure and Lovely things.

Now there be those who say, Love is blind; and who affirm that the Lover beholdeth qualities in his Beloved that exist only in the Mind's eye. But the Mind's Eye is the Eye that really can see; for an eye without a Mind is such as one may buy at the Fish Market, two with every Herring or Horn-pout, and those Eyes be as good for the beholding of the finer things of life as the Eyes that some men have.

Now the real Lover seeth what others may not behold, and that is Half the Joy of Loving. For other men say of her whom he loveth, She is like unto her Sister, but he saith, She is like unto a Star. And others say, She doth resemble her mother, but he saith, My Love is like a Red, Red Rose, that's newly sprung in June; my Love is like a Melody that's sweetly played in tune. And he is right, and the rest are blind, and can not see afar off. For the vision that Love giveth is true Vision. Wherefore I am not so Stupid as to confess to the little sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah that I can not see her New Blue Dress by Telephone. For I can and do see it with the eye of Love.

* * *

THE MORALS OF THE MODERN YOUTH

It is refreshing to find a public man, whose word carries considerable weight, praising the morals of the modern youth. In a sermon recently delivered in the Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass., the Rev. Daniel Evans of Harvard Theological School took up the cudgels for the young people of to-day, declaring that they are nowhere near as bad as their elders appear to think them. He acknowledged that there are some who, by their noise and boisterousness, give the impression that they are by far the larger proportion of young people, and who do conduct themselves in a reprehensible manner, but these, he urged, are really in the minority. An impartial observer of the young folk, he claimed, will discover that many are just as conventional, quiet and unaffirmative as their parents and grandparents, and that these take their place and do their tasks without much, if any, questioning of current moral standards.

Mr. Evans went further than this, however, in championing that other class of young people who, as he intimates, have caught the modern spirit, and who are more important than any others from the influence they will wield, and more significant from the questions they ask, and more worthy the consideration of their elders from their moral attitude. It is this body of young people who really are the representatives of this age, because they are individual, independent, and feel that they are within their rights to demand that they be allowed to live their own lives, to be voices and not echoes; originals, not copies; themselves, not others.

Many critics seem to forget that times and ideas are changing more rapidly to-day than ever before in the history of the world. Moral standards are changing also, and not for the worse. However, in some instances, owing to the apparent swing of the pendulum, it appears that the change is not conducive to higher standards of living. When the balance is struck, however, it will undoubtedly be found that, while many to-day are manifesting the same lack of morality which their fathers manifested before them, although perhaps in some cases more openly, the general moral tone of the youth of the twentieth century is in advance of that of decades gone by. The world is certainly progressing along lines of moral and spiritual achievement as well as along lines of mechanical accomplishment.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Home and Children

SALUTE TO THE TREES

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;
Some for the roof and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;—
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

Henry Van Dyke.

* * *

SAVE THE TREES

SOME 300 years ago our forefathers came to the eastern shores of this country and discovered a land that was endowed as richly as anything in the history of the world. Those who had landed in Virginia under Capt. John Smith found what seemed to be a veritable paradise. They sent back word to the mother country that they had discovered a land of inexhaustible fertility, and so it seemed; but to-day you can go into the state of Virginia and buy thousands of acres for almost a song, because it has been robbed of its fertility and it lacks the power of producing things necessary for man and animal life. Those who landed on the rock-bound coast of New England came face to face with a wonderful covering of trees, magnificent trees everywhere; but to-day that wonderful supply of native timber is three-fourths gone. About half the remaining supply is in the state of Maine, and that is largely of pulpwood varieties. The New England States to-day, that originally were so richly endowed, import 20 per cent of their own consumption and will import more and more as time goes on. About fifty years ago New York State was the greatest producer of timber in the Union, and to-day the great Empire State has so far depleted its timber resources that it produces only ten per cent of its own consumption. It produces 30 board feet per capita and consumes 300 feet.

Then the tide flowed to Pennsylvania—Penn's Woods—which was so named because of its wonderful covering of trees; but to-day Pennsylvania produces less than enough for the Pittsburgh district alone, about 20 per cent of its own consumption. But that is not all of the sad story of Pennsylvania. I wonder how many of you have taken a daylight ride across the Alleghanies. I hope every one of you will do so and look out across those hills, as I have, and see for miles and miles the desolate waste.

This is what happens out in the native woodlands. The rain comes down through the leaves and settles into the loose, porous soil and finds its way into the subsoil, and from there to the springs which feed the little streams, and they in turn feed the rivers. But man comes along and cuts away the forest covering, leaving behind him the debris, the leaves and chips and small branches, making a veritable tinder box and a constant fire hazard. Then the fire sweeps over the land and destroys the remaining vegetation. Then, when the rain comes down, it sweeps across the surface of the land and takes with it the fertile top soil that nature has taken centuries to build up. It is said that it takes nature 10,000 years to make an inch of fertile top soil. The whole lower Mississippi Delta, in fact the whole lower valley, is made up of rich top soil that has been swept down from the interior.

There is in Vinton County, Ohio, one township of 10,000 acres that tells the sad story of what has happened. I have this on the authority of a representative of the forestry department of Ohio. He told me that two years ago he went down to this place that was once covered with a magnificent growth of trees. The large trees had been cut away for lumber purposes and the smaller trees had been cut down to be used as mine props. Then the fire swept over the land and destroyed the remaining vegetation, followed by floods that took the fertile top soil. He told me that just three families exist in this whole township of 10,000 acres, and he went out across this land looking for other signs of life. He said, "I could not find a bird and not even a rabbit." So the destruction of timber is of more far-reaching importance than merely the loss of lumber.

Some thirty-five or forty years ago the tide turned to the Lake States—Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. About that time men came back from that section, which was then covered with an apparently inexhaustible supply of wonderful white pine, and they told how this supply could never be cut away, and yet to-day it is almost gone. The original supply of white pine in the Lake States was estimated to have been 350,000,000,000 board feet. To-day it has been reduced to 8,000,000,000, and it will be all gone in about ten years commercially. The section from which I come—Ohio, and west from there, Indiana and Illinois—has almost ceased to be a factor in the production of lumber, and yet that section in years gone by produced wonderful hardwoods. A gentleman told me of the magnificent trees that were cut down at the time of the Civil War. Great oaks, four feet in diameter, were sent from northwestern Ohio to build the *Monitor*, which proved the turning point in

the Civil War, and yet that section is now practically denuded. Still I see even to-day trucks going out bringing in one by one the last remaining specimens of the primeval forest.

To the south of that section, in the southern Appalachian region, there was and still is a very considerable reservoir of hardwoods, but the Government estimates that this supply will be gone commercially in from eighteen to twenty years.

In the South Atlantic and Gulf States there was a wonderful supply of yellow pine, and yet that supply which was considered inexhaustible is four-fifths gone. It is estimated that it will be all gone in from fifteen to twenty years from a commercial standpoint. There still remains in the southern Mississippi section one last great reservoir of timber, including the wonderful cypress, but the Government estimates that this supply also will be gone in from twenty to twenty-five years. So that within the next twenty-five years—most of us I hope will live that long—we will see a time when the great eastern section of the United States will be practically denuded of its timber from a commercial standpoint.

There still remains, however, a very impressive quantity of trees for lumber purposes in the West—Washington, Oregon, California, northern New Mexico and Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. If you look at the figures you would probably conclude that this supply in the West also would be inexhaustible, and yet the Government estimates that it will be all gone commercially in from thirty to forty years.

For you who love the great out-of-doors, to hunt and fish and tramp, there is a sinister threat in the fast declining timber area. Let me say, friends, that without the forest home there can be mighty little game, and without a continuous and adequate supply of water there can be mighty few fish. Fish can not live in streams that are alternately raging torrents and dried up bottoms. The whole question of an adequate water supply for the cities of America is involved in this matter of forest conservation and reforestation. It has a more direct bearing upon the life of this country probably than any question that can come before our people.

I am reliably informed that the city of Columbus, Ohio, was threatened with a water famine a year ago last summer, just as many other cities have been threatened in the recent past. The people of Columbus were warned that there was a bare three days' supply in the reservoir. Their water is taken from the Scioto River, which was nearly dried up. Nothing but a providential rain saved them from the catastrophe. This condition is due very largely to the destruction of the woodlands around the headwaters of these streams. It is the woodlands that hold the water in check and allow it to seep out gradually. Without that there can only be alternating floods and droughts.

There is just one thing more that I want to say, and I would like to leave this with you as a concluding thought. All of us have heard for years past of the famine conditions in China. That country once had a wonderful covering of trees, very similar to that in America; but China, poor benighted land that it is, did what we are doing in America, cut away its trees and allowed the land to be burned over. The vegetation was destroyed over vast areas; then the water swept over the land and carried with it the fertile top soil. So there are millions of acres in China that constitute a barren waste not capable of producing vegetation. China has one crop in seven years, and in the other years of that period must look to the world for food to feed her teeming millions.

China has become, and will remain for long years, a land of perpetual famine because she has destroyed her forest covering, subjecting herself to the devastation of alternating floods and droughts, and has sacrificed the fertile top soil over such a vast portion of her domain.

No nation in the history of the world was more richly blest by the Creator in the matter of its natural resources than America. It seems that God Almighty created here His richest garden plot where there could be brought together the best blood of the best races in the world, out of which could be built up a new nation of great power, great purpose, and great possibilities. We are dissipating our assets very much like the reckless son of a wealthy father who comes suddenly into his inheritance. America can not long remain the great land of freedom and opportunity unless we protect and conserve the very things which have made us what we are. My plea to you, and to all in this land originally so blest, a land of great promise and boasted opportunity, is that we wake up and conserve the remnants of our once great forest wealth and begin to reforest while yet there is time.

God Almighty gave unto us, when He gave us these rich blessings, a tremendous responsibility. This land is ours to dress and to keep it, as the injunction was given to Adam when he went into the Garden of Eden. It is our problem as the representatives of the American people, to consider the fact of forest devastation and the folly of our lack of conservation in this country, and to firmly resolve that we shall do our duty before it is too late.—*From a speech in Congress by Martin L. Davey, of Ohio.*

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A POSTAGE STAMP FOR LITERATURE

For weeks he had been ill in the hospital. With the beginning of convalescence he called loudly for food, declaring he was being starved.

"The doctor says you may have something to eat tomorrow," said the nurse soothingly.

On the morrow she entered and announced:

"Here's your dinner." And she gave him a spoonful of tapioca, adding, "The doctor says that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

"Nurse," he gasped, "I want to do some reading now; please bring me a postage-stamp."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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TEMPERAMENT

Mrs. Jay: "Tom says that Mazie is too temperamental to make a happy home for a man. What is 'temperamental,' anyway?"

Mr. Jay: "Hm. See that woman crossing the street—the one with a baby in her arms—carrying a market-basket—and two children clinging to her skirt?"

Mrs. Jay: "Yes."

Mr. Jay: "Well, she isn't temperamental."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

HOW WE DID IT

Roxbury Mission Circle

At our last meeting of the season in May, 1923, a number of copies of "Creative Forces in Japan" were purchased by members of the Roxbury Circle who supposedly read them during the summer. In the fall we decided to use "The Woman and the Leaven in Japan," and several more copies of this book than of the other were purchased.

When we heard of the Reading Contest one of our members purchased two or three copies each of "The Honorable Japanese Fan," "Leaves from a Japanese Calendar," "Working Women of Japan," and "Japan on the Upward Trail," and loaned them from week to week, exchanging them on Sunday. We also had some of the books on foreign missionary work, Americanization and child training from the Loan Library, so from January 15 to April 30 a dozen or more books changed hands every week for some weeks. Those who had purchased books also loaned them. Most of the exchange was done after the church service, one person keeping the record and doing a good deal of personal visiting. It might be done better by having several contesting groups within the parish so that every member might be reached by some one of the groups. We hope to try this next time.

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How many groups will enter the next Reading Contest in the spirit shown by the Roxbury group? They won not only the honor of most points, but much inspiration and knowledge they would not have gained otherwise. Let's try their plan.

Ethel M. Allen.

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CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

The thirteenth annual convention of the W. U. M. S. of Connecticut was held in Hartford on May 14 with a large attendance. Devotional exercises were conducted by the pastor of the Hartford parish, Rev. R. H. McLaughlin. Committees were appointed by Mrs. Maud B. Foster, state president. The annual reports were read and showed the different Circles had all met their full apportionments and some had paid part of the deficit, others planning this summer to meet theirs. The department superintendents present made their reports with the reports of the Circles following, and all were encouraging, the Circles looking forward with much enthusiasm to the coming year. All the Circles used one or more of the study books recommended by Maude Lyon Cary. Many had short dramatizations. Many Circles had outside speakers. Several beautiful posters were exhibited, prepared to go with each chapter of the study book, also some to announce the coming meetings. All Circles reported the women helping with mission study in the Sunday school and the Y. P. C. U. Many friendly letters were written and much literature distributed. Extensive philanthropic work was reported in the local parishes, helping in the Hospital Aid and Visiting Nurse Association, visiting the sick and shut-ins, taking them flowers, fruit, jellies and eggs, etc. We had a splendid and most interesting address by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, D. D., of Boston.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Maud Foster, Norwich; vice-president, Mrs. Maud Pickett, Berlin; secretary, Mrs. Louise Marble, Meriden; treasurer, Mrs. Emma B. Hubbard, New Haven.

All the Circles hope to send delegates to Northfield. The collection taken was to be sent to Rev. Hannah J. Powell for a new building.

The session closed with a hymn and benediction by Rev. Charles Kramer of Bridgeport.

Louise Marble, Secretary.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

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Last call for Ferry Beach. Preparations for the great convention are practically complete. As far as we know the program is to be carried out as it has been printed, with the addition of a few interesting features. There will be worship, instruction, amusement, rightly proportioned at Ferry Beach. Will *you* be there? Decide now and apply instantly for accommodations—to Rev. E. D. Colcord, 43 Berkeley Street, Springfield, Mass.

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BRING A BITE

If you are planning to visit Ferry Beach simply for the day of Sunday, July 6, having made no room reservations, you are advised to bring a lunch. It is expected that there will be scores and perhaps hundreds of automobile parties who will be present to hear Dr. Lowe, Dr. McCollester, Miss Randall and Miss Kirk. Of course the Ferry Beach Park Association will be unable to furnish meals for a great number of unexpected transients. One man says that most of the State of Maine will be present. We hope so.

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THE MISFORTUNE OF J. M. S.

The young lady who, for nearly six years, has been the faithful and competent secretary of our president, met recently with a distressing accident. Many correspondents have wondered whose identity was concealed behind the letters "j m s" which they have found modestly coupled with other initials at the bottom of Sunday School correspondence. Upon visiting the Boston office they have been won by the courtesy and charm of Miss Janet M. Stoddard.

The other night as Miss Stoddard was walking with a friend both were struck by an automobile which was in charge of an intoxicated driver. Fortunately no bones were broken and there were no serious injuries, but there were many bruises and cuts, besides nervous shock. Miss Stoddard expects to be able to return to her duties in the near future. Her many friends, while regretting her accident, will rejoice that she escaped without more serious consequences.

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PLANS OF THE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

The topics for Mission Study for the coming year are "China" and "The Way of Christ with Race Relations." Both these topics lend themselves to connection with the missionary lessons that we give every year in preparation for our regular offerings.

During the fall, our schools should teach something about China and Japan as the two great nations of the Orient. Whatever we can give our pupils that will help them to understand these two peoples better, to appreciate more fully the part they are playing in world history, is a real contribution to their education as young people of a world Church.

After the New Year, let us talk about the many races that complicate the work of Uncle Sam, and what the way of Christ must be in dealing with them. This will lead us directly to a study of Suffolk and the needs of our school there.

Early in June, a letter outlining these plans was sent to every minister, Sunday school superintendent and local superintendent of missionary education. Ask these people to let you see it if you want to know the plans in detail.

The summer institutes will give their students instruction along these lines. The General Sunday School Association is publishing two missionary leaflets which will be distributed early in September. Apply for them if you do not receive copies.

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

THE PROGRAM COMPLETE

The completed program of the 36th annual convention of the Y. P. C. U. shows an ingenious combination of convention and institute. The committee in charge of arranging it, composed of Ellsworth Reamon, Stanley Manning, and Earle McKinstry, has preserved all the features of both types of gathering. Classes occupy the morning or early afternoon. Business sessions take place on certain of the mornings. For the evening, mass meetings or special recreational features have been planned.

A noteworthy group of denominational leaders have been selected to address the convention. Dr. Harold Marshall, Manager of the Publishing House, will deliver the keynote address on Sunday, July 13. At the mass meeting on Tuesday evening, Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dean of Canton Theological School and President of the General Convention, will speak. Wednesday afternoon Dr. Pennoyer, who has recently been appointed to direct denominational social service work, will address a meeting in the grove. Thursday evening the convention will listen to two addresses, one by Dr. Lowe and the other by Stanley Manning. At the banquet on Saturday evening Dr. Lowe will again speak.

The regular business of the convention will begin with the pavilion meeting on Sunday evening. In addition to the reading of the call to order and the official roll call, there will be an address of welcome by Dr. Rowland and the president's annual address. At 10.30 on Monday will come the reading of reports of officers of the Y. P. C. U. On the other days of the week the reports of the sessional committees will be taken up. In all there will be six business sessions, making possible much more careful action than could be hoped for under the three day plan. Committees will have longer to deliberate and delegates will be given more time to discuss measures among themselves. The new arrangement should prove a happy one.

Classes

In addition to mass meetings and business sessions to attend, the delegates will find a variety of classes from which they can select those which best fit their needs. Dr. Atwood is conducting a class in the reconstruction of religion, and at the same time Mary Slaughter will discuss with Junior workers the religious uses of the drama. In a second class period Miss Hazel Kirk will meet with a group for the consideration of Christianity and world service, while Miss Edna Bruner will lead a class in Junior methods.

Alternating with these classes, which will come on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, will come another set. Dr. Pennoyer is giving a course of three lectures on social service, and at the same time Marion Griffith will discuss the topic for home mission study this year, "The Way of Christ in Race Relations." At the next period Ellsworth Reamon will discuss some interesting themes in Bible study, and Mrs. Harriet B. Robinson, who is to be Dean of Women, will conduct a class on the subject of "Sex and Social Conduct" for intermediate and senior girls only. The last two classes mentioned will come on Tuesday and Thursday.

On Monday and Thursday, at two o'clock, there will be classes in Union methods, with the delegates divided into three groups. Ellsworth Reamon will conduct a round table for state presidents; Earle McKinstry will meet with local presidents; and for other members an Anyville Union will be organized. These classes will aim to give thorough instruction in the organization and conduct of a Union. At two o'clock on Tuesday and Friday will be forums. At the first Grace Nash will lead a discussion of a program for the Y. P. C. U., with Dr. Pennoyer as counsellor. At the second Granville Hicks will be in charge, the theme to be the causes and possible cures of war. Dr. Atwood is to be counsellor.

On the Beach

As usual there will be a series of vesper meetings on the beach. Mary Barnard, of Minneapolis, will lead the meeting on Sunday evening. On Wednesday evening George Hodder, of Woonsocket, will be the leader. Friday evening Angela Fossett, formerly of Portland and now pastor's assistant at Wausau, will have charge. Mrs. Ethel Freeman Nichelsen, of Brooklyn, will lead the sunrise service on Saturday morning. These meetings are always among the best and the most inspirational of the convention, the time and the place blending well with the more serious moods of the young people.

Other special meetings include the missionary offering, to come at 11.30 on Tuesday and to be conducted by Rev. Hazel Kirk, and the consecration meeting, to come on Sunday afternoon and to be led by Rev. Milo Folsom. Both these meetings have considerable significance, since they bear witness to the effect which the Union has on the lives of its members.

Plans for Play

That a heavy schedule has been arranged is evident from what has been said before. The committee has provided, however, for recreation, and has put a competent director in charge, Miss Martha Getchell, a student at the Cambridge Haskell School. Most of the afternoons are left free for recreation, and some of the evenings have been devoted to that purpose. Monday evening there will be a campfire on the beach, Wednesday evening a trip to Old Orchard, Friday evening a circus or play, and Saturday evening dancing will follow the banquet. For recreation during the afternoon there will be bathing, tennis, hiking, and the like. Doubtless special outings, such as fishing trips, will be included. The resources of Ferry Beach are such that there should be no difficulty in planning a program of recreation which will balance the other activities of the week.

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THE Y. P. R. U. LOOKS BACK

The Young People's Religious Union of the Unitarian Church has recently held its annual elections, and has chosen as president Edward P. Furber, a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School. The first prize in the efficiency contest was awarded to Follen Guild, East Lexington, and the second to the Nathaniel Hall Society of Dorchester, last year's winner.

Mr. Pollard, retiring president, reported certain gains. Not only has the Y. P. R. U. grown in strength, but it has been taking a more prominent position in the denomination. A play presented by members of the Boston district netted over one thousand dollars. Five district conferences are planned for this summer. The work has been progressing steadily. We of the Y. P. C. U. can find much to admire and no small amount to imitate in the work of our fellow liberals of the Y. P. R. U.

For the Quiet Hour

If the churches went on their knees and asked only for love, faith and wisdom—especially wisdom—what a change should we witness!

Evan Roberts.

The words which Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Jeanie Deans, in her memorable address to the queen, are true as they are beautiful: "When the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours, O my leddy!—it is na what we have done for oursels, but what we have done for ithers, that we think on most pleasantly."

Congregationalist.

It is when we are permitted to behold the tenderness, the pathos, the simplicity, the sorrow, of our noble but suffering humanity, that the true proportions of the everlasting Gospel stand revealed to our adoring gaze. It is not in our moods of criticism but in our hours of need that the proclamation of the Crucified and Risen Savior steals into our spirits, benediction in its breadth, and healing in its wings.

J. G. Simpson.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

The Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University awarded degrees to a class of 290 men and women on June 5. This class was the largest in the history of the school. The address was delivered by Presiding Justice William J. Kelley of the Appellate Division, Dr. Arthur W. Grose offering prayer. Judge Kelley in his address said: "The history of this institution, which is now the largest law school in the country, is such that we are proud of it. . . . To be a successful lawyer one must have patience, perseverance and continued ability to study." President Sykes in presenting the diplomas declared that the Brooklyn Law School was not only the largest school in America, but one of the best, and he urged the graduates "to be pilots." * * **Chapin Home.**—During the summer religious services will be held on the second Sunday in each month, directed by the religious work committee of which Miss Emma J. Webb is the efficient chairman. Universalists and their friends will be cordially welcomed to these afternoon services. At the June service Rev. C. J. Harris preached. * * **The Universalist Club** elected new officers at a May meeting of the Board of Governors. Here is the list: President, Hon. C. Neal Barney; vice-president, Rev. Emerson H. Lalone; secretary, James Bronis; treasurer, Herbert E. Muller. * * **Divine Paternity.**—The church closed for vacation on June 15, after a year of noble, constructive work by the minister and a loyal laity. Dr. Newton's sermons have found favor with an increasing constituency, with the result that congregations have been unusually large. The church reopens Sept. 21. Dr. and Mrs. Newton will spend the summer at Shoreham, Long Island. The faithful church secretary, Miss Florence E. Gray, is recovering from an illness, and will probably recuperate in New England. * * **Washington Heights.**—This church closed its services Sunday evening, June 22, with a combined meeting of the Junior and Senior Church. The pastor gave a blackboard sermon. The minister, and Mrs. Harris, will be permanently located for the summer at Camp Wamego, Corinth, N. Y., in charge of seventy-five boys. In the fall, Mr. Harris will be a regular speaker on the W. E. A. F. radio program, speaking especially to boys. * * **Mt. Vernon.**—It is now *Doctor* Sayles, and the people of the parish are proud of what they term the "just honor" conferred upon their minister. The report from the annual meeting is cheering. Finances are in excellent condition and prospects are bright. After many years of honorable service as chairman of the board, Mr. M. B. Sloat retired, receiving a rising vote of thanks. Mr. Charles Marvin, Mr. Stanley W. Moore and Mr. J. M. Patrick were elected trustees. The rummage sale netted $117. Children's Day witnessed a large, smiling and very happy congregation. "The children wore their summer dresses." One of "the best concerts ever given in Mt. Vernon" was held June 5 under the auspices of the Woman's League. U. S. Kerr, basso, and Vera Curtis, soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, assisted by Virginia Syms and William Ruddick at the piano, were the artists. On June 12 the League gave a dinner, complimentary to the organist, Mr. Wales Lawrence Holden, and the members of the choir. Dr. and Mrs. Sayles were guests of honor, with Mr. Sloat and Mrs. R. A. Wetzel, president of the League. Dr. Sayles, with his new honor from St. Lawrence and old smile of a life-time, was in a happy mood, bringing a message of wit and wisdom. Other speakers and workers added to the pleasure of a rare June evening. * * **Good Tidings.**—A recent sermon by Rev. Emerson H. Lalone was printed in full by the *Brooklyn Eagle*. * * **All Souls.**—The annual parish meeting gave new evidence of vigor and enduring strength. This is a paragraph report: Parish put upon sound financial basis, twenty-five new members received into the church, Sunday attendance has been largely increased and all the various organizations have had a year of great success. New trustees, Frank L. Bryant, Paul Rowley and Reinhart H. Parr. The June *Messenger* contained annual reports. The Fete of Nations Fair will be held Nov. 13, 14 and 15. Dr. and Mrs. Grose will spend the summer in New England. On Aug. 10 Dr. Grose preaches at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and on Aug. 18 at Murray Grove. * * **Our Father.**—This society has sent two men into the ministry of the Church, Rev. W. W. Hooper of blessed memory, and Seth R. Brooks, pastor-elect of the Little Falls, N. Y., church. On June 15—the Sunday after his graduation from Canton—Mr. Brooks occupied the pulpit of his home church, delivering a sermon that received the appreciatiove acceptance and hearty praise of the congregation. Mr. Brooks will assume his pastorate in September. The Radio Fair will be held Nov. 19, 20, 21, under the guidance of a committee that has been at work for several months.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Laura Bowman Galer, Rev. Almira Cheney and Rev. A. Gertrude Earle attended the Institute for a Christian Basis for International Relations at Vassar College, at which eleven countries were represented.

Miss Emma Lee Langston of the Kinston, N. C., church was recently married to Mr. William Mumford, district representative of the Standard Oil Company. They are to make their home in Kinston and Mrs. Mumford will continue her work in the church school and Clara Barton Guild. The marriage was a very quiet one at the home of the pastor, Rev. Dwight A. Ball.

On June 18 Mrs. Katharine H. Ball was called to Portland, Maine, by the sudden death of her father, Mr. A. H. Colcord. He was at his home with one of Mrs. Ball's three sisters, who live at Portland.

At the close of the sermon in South Weymouth, Mass., on Sunday, June 22, the State Superintendent, Dr. Coons, christened and dedicated William Dawes Veazie, Jr., young son of the pastor of the church.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl F. Henry of Pasadena, Cal., after driving in their car from Cleveland, Ohio, are spending a few weeks in New England. They are "looking in" upon old parishioners at North Attleboro, Mass., and at Bangor Maine., At the Commencement exercises at Tufts on Monday, June 9, Mr. Henry, together with Rev. Herbert E. Benton of Philadelphia, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Maine

Dover-Foxcroft.—Rev. J. F. Thompson, pastor. Children's Sunday was observed June 15. An excellent program was rendered by the school. The pastor spoke on "Parental Obligations." One child was baptized. A special collection for the Japan Mission, taken June 1, yielded $11.69. One member was received into the church at the Easter service.

Massachusetts

Chelsea.—Rev. B. F. McIntire, pastor. Children's Sunday was observed June 15 with the primary class upon the platform, having a part in the service. Three babies were christened and following the service each child was given a potted geranium. Our church closes June 29 for ten weeks, but will unite this summer, for the first time in its history, with four other churches in a union effort whereby one union service will be held in some church each Sunday during the vacation season. Two Congregational churches, a Methodist and a

Baptist co-operate with the Universalists in this arrangement. Union services will be held in our church Aug. 17 and 24. Fourteen new members have been received into the church this year. A dramatic club has been organized to help the church next year and has held two meetings. The Clara Barton Guild were financially successful in their presentation of the Mexican operetta, "Pepita," recently, and have given $100 to the support of the church. On Bunker Hill Day the Guild enjoyed a hike to the Blue Hills. We have one organization which many churches do not have and which has done a fine work this last year. This is the "Altar Society," which sees that there are flowers upon the altar every Sunday in the year and decorates for special services. Our church school closes without the usual drop in attendance before vacation. A new class of boys has been formed, with Mr. Lowell Palmer as teacher, who plans to work with the boys on Saturdays also. Our pastor, Mr McIntire, is the new president of the Chelsea Ministers' Association for the coming year.

Everett.—Rev. U. S. Milburn, pastor. At the Children's Day service, June 8, four children were christened, and two young people, members of the Sunday school, joined the church. The school closed with this service until Sept. 14.

Roxbury.—Rev. Stanley G. Spear, pastor. The Fellowship Supper with a stirring address by Dr. Leighton brought out a large attendance of the members to welcome the twenty-four new members. The Dramatic Club was most successful in the presentation of its play. Successful entertainments have been given by the Harmony Club, the Home Department, and monthly suppers and entertainments have been provided by the Samaritan Society. We entertained the Sabbath School Union at its annual meeting, filled every seat in the church with many standing at the Ascension Service of Joseph Warren Commandery, with Dr. Durkee, president of Howard University, Washington, as orator and the local clergy assisting in the service. Four neighboring Rebekah Lodges held a well attended vesper service in our church with Mr. Spear as the speaker, and the Federated Men's Clubs of four of the Roxbury churches held their annual Ladies' Night in our church, when Mr. Schupbach of our church with his orchestra and assisting artists gave a fine concert. The services of May were greatly enriched by the singing of Mr. Irving Jackson, one of our church boys who was home from Paris, where he is studying and singing in Grand Opera. The Sunday school and parish united in a "Field Day" June 17 which was most successful.

Provincetown.—Rev. William Wallace Rose of Rochestoer, N. Y., summer preacher. Our beautiful church edifice in this delightful town on the Cape has been given a new point of perspective by the purchase and removal of an old house that partially obstructed the approach. The choice tower, after Sir Christopher Wren, will invite the admiration of the passers-by as never before. Rev. Mr. Rose will begin his fourth season as summer preacher on Sunday, July 6. He is planning a series of sermons on the fundamentals of religion—God, Jesus, the Bible, Heaven, Immortality and Sabbath Observance—from the Universalist point of view. On Sunday evenings, beginning July 13, a series of illustrated drama-lectures will be presented. These have filled the church to overflowing during the past two summers. Visitors to Cape Cod should remember our church at the tip end, to visit it for inspection during the week, or to worship with us on Sundays.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. Charles Clare Blauvelt, pastor. A union Memorial Service of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches was held in the Universalist church, the pastor delivering the sermon. The Sunday of June 8, in the absence of the pastor, the Young People's Christian Union conducted the morning service. Their sermons were given space in the Lockport daily paper. The Sunday of June 15 the annual Children's Day service was held, the smaller children of the church school giving a good program. The church was decorated with wood ferns and garden flowers. One united with the church.

Henderson.—Rev. Harriet E. Druley, pastor. On Sunday, June 8, we held a lay service, to permit the pastor to attend St. Lawrence Commencement. Mrs. Myrtie Warner and Mrs. Winnie Sawyer took charge of the service with Mrs. Harriette Montague in charge of the music as usual. June 15 we held our Children's Day service, using the service on "The Lord's Prayer." Three children were christened, children of three young ladies who had grown up in the church together. Mrs. Mabel Stevens Rose came 100 miles for the service, Mrs. Laura Barney Spink came twenty-four miles with her boy and Mrs. Harriett Eveleigh Bonnet lives in the village. In the evening we had the stereopticon lecture "Penrod and Sam." Monday evening, June 16, Rev. H. W. Reed gave us a stirring sermon on "Faith of Our Fathers." Tuesday evening, June 17, about eighty parish members went to Warner's Inn, where the ladies of the church served a banquet with the assistance of the young girls as waiters. We had speakers who presented our own church and community ideals and Rev. J. A. Judge of Oneonta presented the national program. June 18 the Black River Association met with us. After a very busy and profitable day we listened to an address by Rev. Nathan E. Fuller, D. D., pastor of the Congregational and Universalist Federated Church of West Carthage, one of the churches in our district. Meals were served by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church, thus giving our own people opportunity to attend the sessions.

North Carolina

Kinston Circuit.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. Recognition of Children's Day at both Deep Run and Kinston was unique in its abandonment of the "former things." Programs were prepared from the memory work of the primary and junior department pupils. These scripture passages and hymns, together with group singing of choice musical numbers, were supplemented by several solos by junior girls whose voices were revelations to many. Though these children are by no means trained singers they give promise for a really attractive choir not so many years hence. Mrs. Ball had given much painstaking work in the training of these two school groups for the occasion. In both schools the program opened with a processional led by the junior boys, their leaders carrying the United States flag and the church flag. Mrs. Ball told a story and the pastor gave a timely talk to children and the parents. The Mission Circle deserves much credit for the way they have taken hold of the W. N. M. A. sinking fund. They have already paid the first year's installment of the four year pledge for $100, thus becoming responsible for nearly 27 per cent of the apportionment for the entire state. The teacher training classes which Mrs. Ball has been leading both at Kinston and Deep Run have just completed the examinations covering the second season's work of the standard course. Both the Mission Circle and the church sent resolutions to the national headquarters of both great political parties, commending a firm stand for the Eighteenth Amendment and its supporting legislation.

Pennsylvania

Scranton.—Rev. William H. McGlauflin, D. D., pastor. Dr. and Mrs. McGlauflin returned from the Clifton Springs, New York, Sanitarium on May 29, both in greatly improved health. For three Sundays preceding Dr. McGlauflin had supplied the pulpit, going back to the sanitarium between times. During the four weeks when he was out of the pulpit, which included Palm Sunday and Easter, Rev. George Richards, a local Congregationalist, had charge of the preaching services and gave great satisfaction. He has the modern mind and may find his way into our denomination a little later. Dr. McGlauflin was welcomed by a very large congregation on May 11, an increased attendance which has since been maintained. May 18 was "Fellowship Sunday," when six new members were admitted to the church and communion was observed. June 15 brought Children's Day, which was featured with a program by the young folks before the morning

congregation. Six more were added to church membership. Of these, four young ladies made up a confirmation class and by themselves were thus welcomed. There were three baptisms, one a baby in arms. With the five members received at New Year's time, and not heretofore reported to the *Leader*, these recent accessions connect seven new families with the parish. The evening congregations from October to April averaged 300 drawn by the illustrated drama sermons, travelogues and interpretative lectures. The Universalist Comrades backed this most useful enterprise. An outstanding indebtedness amounting to $8,500 was paid during the year, removing all financial incumbrance. All quotas and pledges to our state and national bodies were as usual met in full. These with responses to other worthy calls made a total of benevolences for the year of nearly $1,400. To this should be added the several hundred dollars raised by the membership for the Murray Grove Association, a number of whose important officials are members of the Scranton church. Thus one of the most successful years of the eight in the present pastorate is happily drawing to a close.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1924

Previously reported	1,707
Scranton, Pa.	17
Frost, Ohio	1
Dover-Foxcroft, Maine	1
North Jay, Maine	2
Middleport, N. Y.	1
Total	1,729

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CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 362. Belpre, Ohio, 3. Franklin, Mass., 10. Dover-Foxcroft, Maine, 1. Livermore Falls, Maine, 3. Chelsea, Mass., 3. Manchester, N. H., 12. Mukwonago, Wis., 1. Stoughton, Wis. 1. South Weymouth, Mass., 1. Macedon, N. Y., 6. Henderson, N. Y., 3. Riverside, Cal., 4. Victor, N. Y., 1. Canandaigua, N. Y., 1. Stamford, Conn., 2. Bellows Falls, Vt., 6. Total., 420

* *

A RARE EXPERIENCE

Though the things we do each day may be just as important and just as necessary it is the thing that is different from the common experience, and the thing that we enjoy probably once in a life time, that is cherished by fondest memories as long as we live.

Such an experience as this was mine Sunday, June 8, at Burrus Memorial Church near Madison, Florida.

I saw a Universalist Church full of eager listeners. I saw some who wished to enter turned back at the door because there was no room within. I heard a Universalist preacher deliver a Universalist sermon.

After the spiritual feast there was a feast of material things. Long tables manufactured for the purpose were stretched out under the trees in the churchyard and there was placed before that throng a wonderful dinner.

Almon Strain.

* *

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION

To the Universalist Churches of Massachusetts:

As the newly elected President of the Universalist Convention of Massachusetts I want to express my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me. This honor was not sought nor desired. I believe, however, in rotation in office, and that no one should be a shirker. In accepting the office, therefore, I want it to be more than a merely nominal one. It is my wish to be of real service to our churches throughout the state.

May we not as churches, and we include both the people and their leaders, try to infuse a new spirit into our work? Ours is not a large Church as regards numbers. It may be great in quality if we will. What we *are* as a Church is the essential thing. To the end, then, that we may advance our churches in the character of their life I am venturing to address to them this brief message. Some of our churches may not need it. Others may do well to heed it.

First, may I say a few words to my brother ministers?

Do we sufficiently appreciate the fact that we are, as Dr. Lowe has told us, engaged in a great spiritual enterprise? That enterprise is nothing less than the awakening and making more abundant the spiritual natures of men and women. They already have spiritual natures, but in the great majority of instances that nature is not developed. It is our task to try to do that. How are we going to do it? Only as we appeal to what is deepest and best in them. I am sure that we will not do this by trying to be funny, smart, of flippant; rather shall we do it as we show our earnestness and sincerity. We impress people not so much by what we say as by what we are. Are the realities which we preach real to us? Do we feel their truth? Is it woe to us if we preach not the Gospel? We have need to know the truth, to possess the truth, and to be possessed by it. We will then speak with power, and with the authority which comes from above. And people will listen, for they will discern the Divine note. They will recognize that God speaks through His human servant.

Be faithful pastors, too; do not underestimate the value of the pastoral call. Know your people. Be one who ministers to those whose need is great. There are few homes which have not some skeleton in the closet. Be sympathetic, considerate, tactful, patient. Don't scold. It will do no good. It will do a great deal of harm. Be cheerful and radiate the life which is within yourself. Be likable, and people will be drawn to you even as in early days people were drawn to the man of Nazareth.

And second, may I say to the people who sit in the pews, and to others who ought to sit in them, that upon you, as upon your minister, depends the success of your church? You can make your minister, or you can break him. Don't expect your minister to be perfect. No one is that. Help him to be what you want him to be. Encourage him by supporting the church, by reguarly attending its services, by speaking the encouraging word. God knows that he has need for encouragement! Let all your criticism be kindly and helpful. If you expect your minister to be a revealer of the Divine life, know that your minister also expects you to reveal that same life. This is our "spiritual enterprise" to show forth what manner of being we are. There is One who will not fail us if we are sincerely trying to do and be what we ought.

We have in Dr. L. W. Coons a faithful and consecrated Superintendent of Churches. He is eager to serve. Make use of him, of his wisdom, and of his grace. And if I as the president of the Convention can be of help to you feel free to command me.

Many of our churches are soon to close for the vacation. As we reopen in the fall let us determine that our particular local church shall make some real gain during the present year. And when we gather for our next State Convention may we do so knowing that we are a stronger Church than a year ago.

Sincerely yours,

Clarence Guy Robbins.

Lawrence, Mass., June 18, 1924.

* *

SUMMER SERVICES

Beginning Sunday, July 6, a preaching service will be held each Sunday in the old Universalist church in Oxford, Mass. The hour will be 10.30 a. m. Among the preachers are Rev. Frank L. Masseck, Santa Paula, Cal., Rev. Harry L. Canfield of North Carolina, Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary of the General Convention, Rev. Charles H. Pennoyer, Director of Social Welfare, and Rev. Dr. Frank O. Hall. Universalist motorists are requested to bear these services in mind and to direct their cars to this historic spot. Remember, that this is the oldest church building in our denomination and that here Hosea Ballou was ordained to the Christian ministry.

The Clara Barton Birthplace, of which Mrs. Grace Lucas Holden is the mistress, will be open all summer. Visitors will be welcome. The house is at North Oxford, south of Worcester about seven miles. Those who attend the services at the Oxford church should visit on the same day the famous birthplace of the great humanitarian.

Owing to the inability of the Second

Society in Boston to get its new chapel ready in season for services there this summer, the meetings planned are canceled. The minister, Dr. Roblin, regrets very genuinely this situation and the Massachusetts Superintendent, who had ready for announcement some of the best preachers of the denomination, asks Universalists in and about Boston to watch for the list of Universalist churches open for the summer season, which will appear in the *Leader* next week.

* *

MISSION STUDY LESSONS

The Mission study Committee of the Massachusetts W. U. M. S. is happy to announce a course of six lessons to be given next fall at the Universalist Headquarters. Miss Macduff will conduct the study. The first of the series will deal with "China." A reasonable charge will be made to cover expenses.

Watch the *Leader* for further notice.

Ida Vossema,
Chairman of Mission Study.

Notices

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of license granted Mrs. Walter W. Wolfe, of Bethel.

The ordained minister's license of the Rev. Walter W. Wolfe, of Bethel, was renewed.

Letter of transfer to Massachusetts granted Rev. John M. Ratcliff.

Letter of transfer received from Minnesota and fellowship granted Rev. Stanley Manning.

Allen Brown, Secretary.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 6-12. General Sunday School Association Convention and Institutes, Ferry Beach, Me.

July 12-20. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Ferry Beach, Me.

Sept. 22-24. Maine State Convention and Auxiliaries, Gardiner.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. E. V. Stevens was transferred to the Massachusetts Universalist Convention April 25, 1924. Letter of acceptance received May 26, 1924.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

DELOS THOMPSON HOME

The annual all-day meeting at the Delos H. Thompson Home, Waldron, Ind., will be held June 29, 1924.

Rev. Arthur McDavitt, pastor of St. John's Universalist Church, Muncie, will preach in the morning and the Mid-West Superintendent, Rev. Luther Riley Robinson, in the afternoon.

Every Indiana church should send its pastor and a good delegation.

P. M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

Y. P. C. U. ANNUAL CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-sixth annual convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held at Ferry Beach, Maine, beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 12, 1924.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Edgar T. Williams, Secretary.

* *

CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE

The Clara Barton Memorial Committee is glad to announce that the Birthplace will be open to a limited number of paying guests, after the fifteenth of June. If you desire to be one of the fortunate ones to share the beauty and quiet of the lovely spot up on the hill, write Mrs. Grace L. Holden at the Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass., for date and terms.

There is also an opportunity for a group of young women to "camp out" for the summer in a few rooms attached to the house and yet distinct, at a reasonable rental.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR

Each year a Fair is held at Murray Grove for the benefit of the Association, and articles for sale or cash are solicited.

The Universalists of our land all know Murray Grove, the Mecca of our Faith and the place we dearly love.

Again your offering we would ask,
And hope 'twill seem no heavy task.
We ask in time because you see
The month of August soon will be
Right here, and none of us must fail
To send our offerings by mail

To Miss Ida E. Smith, 825 Monroe Avenue, Scranton, Pa., before Aug. 1. After that to "Murray Grove House," Forked River, New Jersey.

Money made at the "Fair" goes for the upkeep of Murray Grove House.

* *

FERRY BEACHERS! NOTICE!

Will all Ferry Beachers who sing or play bring music and instruments to assist in programs. Please get in touch with me as soon as registered.

Elsie W. Poole, Music Director.

* *

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Official Call

The twelfth annual convention of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church will be held at Ferry Beach, Maine, on July 9, 10, and 11, 1924, for the transaction of any business that may legally come before it. Important policies for the coming year are to be determined. In connection with the convention an institute is to be held from July 6 to July 12, and there will be lectures and entertainments throughout the week.

Carl A. Hempel, Secretary.

Obituary

Sarah Catherine Landers

Miss Sarah Catharine Landers died April 9, 1924, at her home in Afton, N. Y. She was the daughter of Solomon and Elizabeth (Carpenter) Landers, and was born Nov. 22, 1840, in the home where she died. She came of old New England pioneer stock.

Miss Landers was of a happy disposition, cheerful and lovable and of boundless hospitality. She was a reader and thinker, keeping in touch with the topics of the day.

She was a charter member of the Cunahunta Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, and although unable to attend the chapter meetings, took a great interest in the patriotic work.

She was a member of the First Universalist Church of Afton, having joined Dec. 3, 1871, and as long as services were conducted there was a regular attendant and active in its work. Her grandfather, Ebenezer Landers, was one of the committee who had charge of building the church and afterward was one of its trustees.

She was the last of her generation and is survived by one niece, Mrs. W. V. Cowden of Watervliet, N. Y., and three nephews, Geo. K. Landers of Washington, D. C., Chas. J. Austin of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Arthur L. Fisher of Afton, N. Y.

The funeral was held at the home April 12, Rev. Charles Petty, pastor of the Universalist church at Binghampton, officiating. Burial was in the family plot in the East Side Cemetery, the land for which was given by her grandfather, Ebenezer Landers.

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Crackling

"Robinson Crusoe's gun" has fetched $1,250 at a London auction. Since collectors fall for that sort of thing, how about auctioning off (1) original looking-glass used by Alice in Wonderland; (2) genuine cheeses manufactured by the Swiss Family Robinson; (3) hypodermic set used by Sherlock Holmes, and till lately in the possession of the family of Dr. Watson; (4) wooden leg, the identical wooden leg worn by Long John Silver in "Treasure Island?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

* *

American Ev. Lutheran jolly man, looking young, pleasant appearance, good natured, mechanic, also a good farmer, have means, sound mind, not inhabited to booze, shows tobacco, no miserliness, wishes acquaintance with a good looking, clean, neat, medium respectable common sense farmer's daughter. Include picture with first letter. Factory girls curiosities and sports strictly excluded. D. C. A., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.—*The Merrill Daily Herald (Wisconsin).*

* *

A Yale player was teaching some cowboys how to play football. He explained the rules and ended as follows:

"Remember, fellows, if you can't kick the ball, kick a man on the other side. Now let's get busy. Where's the ball?"

One of the cowboys shouted: "Never mind the ball! Let's start the game!"—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

* *

"Why," said the insurance agent, "insurance is the greatest thing in the world. No man should be without it. I even carry a $50,000 policy, payable to my wife."

"It's too much," said the harassed prospect. "What excuse can you give her for living?"—*Houston Post.*

* *

She (tenderly:) "Do you remember how I cried on your shoulder the day you left for the embarkation camp?"

He: "Do I? The dust settled on the wet spot, and such words as the sergeant said to me!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

"Fifty cigarettes a month are being manufactured for every man, woman, and child, in our country," according to a statement from Ann Arbor, Fortunately, our child does not know it yet.—*Detroit News.*

* *

Policeman (producing note-book): "Name, please."

Motorist: "Aloysius—Alastair — Cyprian—"

Policeman (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."—*Punch (London).*

* *

Courtesy is the quality that keeps a woman smiling when a departing guest stands at the open screen and lets flies in.—*Freemont Tribune.*

Some Universalist Books

Billy Sunday. The man and method. By F. W. Betts, D. D. 25 cents.

A Brief History of the Universalist Church. For young people. By L. B. Fisher, D. D. 40 cents.

Christian Mysticism and other Essays. By Harry L. Haywood, with portrait. 50 cents.

A California Pilgrimage. A souvenir of the United Universalist Conventions, 1915. By F. A. Bisbee, D. D. Profusely illustrated. 50 cents.

A Commentary on the New Testament. The Universalist interpretation. By L. R. Paige, D. D. 6 vols. $3.60.

Did Jesus Mean It? By Frank D. Adams, D. D. $1.00.

Faith with Power. The life story of Q. H. Shinn, D. D. By Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin. Illustrated. $1.00.

From Good Luck to Gloucester. The complete story of the great anniversary celebration at Gloucester. A beautiful memorial volume of four hundred pages and more than fifty illustrations. Edited by F. A. Bisbee, D. D. $2.00.

The Goodness of God. In view of the facts of nature and the supernatural. By George T. Knight, D. D. 50 cents.

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Human Destiny as Conditioned by Free Will. A discussion by Lyman Abbott, Eric Waterhouse and Wm. G. Tousey. 30 cents.

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